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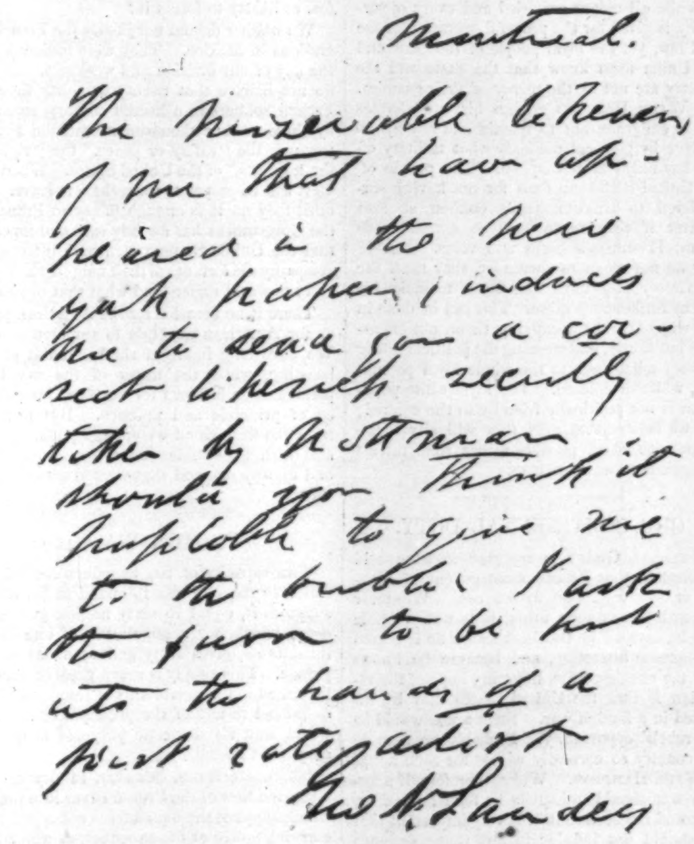
GEORGE N. SANDERS.

George N. Sanders, the notorious rebel who across our northern border has been so long conspiring against the Government, was born in Kentucky, which was also the native State of Jeff Davis. He is between forty-five and fifty years of age, and has been for many years engaged in visionary political schemes. Under Pierce and Buchanan he was happy enough to gain a brief official authority. The former appointed him Navy Agent at New York, and the latter Consul to London. In 1861 he returned to this country and embraced the rebel cause. He was engaged in several schemes for increasing the rebel navy, all of which failed. His supposed connection with the plot to murder President Lincoln, and with other infamous schemes against the peaceable citizens of the North, is too well known to require any comment. Within the last fortnight his name has again come prominently before the public. It has been reported that some dangerous fellows from the United States have been engaged in a plot for the abduction of the rebel agent. It is probable, however, as the *Times* remarks, that the "dangerous fellows" were only thieves who had designs on Sanders's silver spoons or Confederate gold chest.

HORSE-RACING AT SARATOGA.

The second annual meeting of the Saratoga Association was the occasion of a series of horse-races the most splendid ever witnessed on this continent. Saratoga was all alive with excitement during the entire week beginning August 7. Every hotel and boarding-house and almost every private house was crowded. Imagine 1200 persons seated at dinner at the Union Hotel, a thousand at Congress Hall, and a proportionate number at the other hotels. The inn-keepers were compelled to use every sort of ingenuity to furnish room to their visitors. Who can estimate the number of bottles of Congress Water drank in Saratoga during this exciting week, or the amount of money won or lost in betting? The weather was as favorable as could have been desired, and the racing was without precedent. We shall not attempt to record the triumphs of that magnificent horse "Kentucky," nor of her extraordinary companions in glory—*proximi sed non secundi*—but confine ourselves to one great fact, namely, that no contest of the kind has ever excited in the minds of the lovers of sports of the turf an equal interest with this year's races at Saratoga.


Montreal.
The miserable likeness of me that have appeared in the New York papers, induces me to send you a correct likeness recently taken by Notman should you think it profitable to give me to the public. I ask the favor to be put into the hands of a first rate artist
Geo N. Sanders

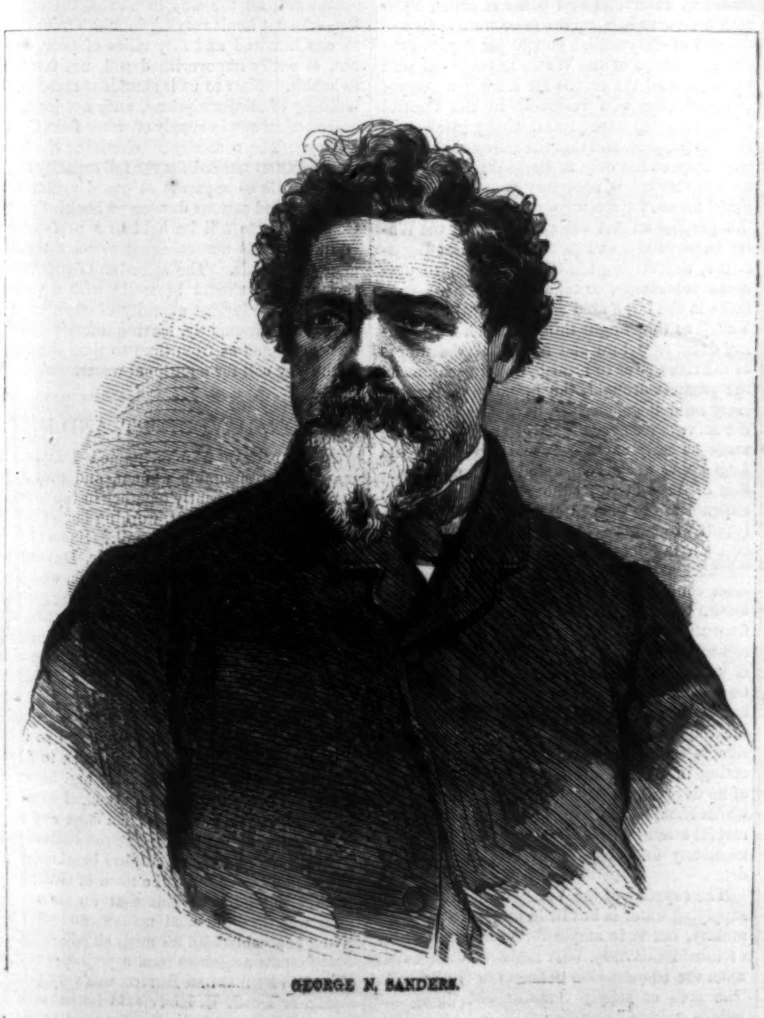
FAC-SIMILE OF GEORGE N. SANDERS'S HANDWRITING.

THE ASSASSINS AT FORT JEFFERSON.

Those of the assassins concerned in the murder of President Lincoln who were condemned to imprisonment arrived at Dry Tortugas in the United States steamer *Florida* on the 25th of July. The prisoners when they went on board the *Florida* were ignorant of the altered destination of their journey, still supposing that they were to be confined in the Penitentiary at Albany. They expressed great disappointment at the change, but it is not unlikely that their confinement at Tortugas will be far more pleasant than would their incarceration at Albany.

Fort Jefferson extends over an area of about seven acres, and its guns command the inner harbor. This fort will during the greater part of the time be the prisoners' place of confinement. There are now five hundred and fifty persons confined here, mostly for political offenses. The island on which the fort is situated is thirteen acres in extent, and is barren and covered with sand, without any vegetation. The One Hundred and Tenth New York performs garrison duty, and Colonel Hamilton at the head of that regiment is commandant of the fort.

The prisoners acknowledged the justice of the sentence which condemned them to punishment, and although they claim that much of the evidence was malicious and false, they consider that, so far as the Government was concerned, they had a perfectly fair trial. It is most certain that in the infliction of its penalties against them the Government treats them far better than they deserve. Dr. Mudd, it is reported, is to act as assistant-surgeon in the fort. Arnold is to be made a clerk among the prisoners, and Spangler is to return to his trade as a carpenter. Spangler, it will be remembered, is the only one of the four who is not imprisoned for life. His term will be completed in six years. Thus begins the last chapter in the history of the assassination.


GEORGE N. SANDERS.

CONSTANCE KENT, THE MIDNIGHT MURDERESS.—[See Page 558.]

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, AUGUST 26, 1865.

MILITARY OCCUPATION.

WE have received a long and most interesting letter from the interior of Alabama, from a gentleman who has studied the rebellion from the inside, and whose views of the present situation are worthy of the most careful consideration. The point that he especially urges is, that there is little danger of a renewal of the war for a century, *provided that the Government is wise in the distribution of its military forces;* to which we add, and in the use of them.

Our correspondent repeats and confirms the universal testimony as to the actual condition of public sentiment in the rebel region. It is precisely what every attentive observer will find confirmed by every late rebel he meets among us. A Georgian who has taken the oath of allegiance, said in a public stage-coach in New England, within a week: "Our people, Sir, are not cowed, they are overwhelmed by numbers." And although he was carefully moderate in his remarks, it was plain enough that he regarded the Government of the United States—which he invariably called "your" Government—very much as a Pole regards that of Russia.

Our Alabama correspondent says that the characteristic sentiment of our wayward sisters is this: "The war just closed has decided nothing but the material power of our enemies. It has not proved us wrong in any moral or Constitutional principle. The problem of free or slave labor, the sinfulness or patriarchal character of enforced servitude, and the paramount authority of State or National Government, hese are points as to our own construction of which we will always believe that we are right, and to which we will adhere until they are settled in our favor. What though for the sake of bread we swear allegiance, it is by constraint; it is a forced oath, and we are not bound by it further than suits our convenience. Therefore our soldiers should not commit themselves in this way if they can avoid it; but whether or no, we shall hold ourselves ready to disregard such obligation, and to take advantage of the first difficulty in which our conquerors are involved.......And so sure as there is among men the dictate of retribution, that day will be one of revenge no less than of Southern independence." Our correspondent then forcibly urges that the military force of the United States should remain to keep a firm hand "on those who swear falsely, and who, by secret plots, nurse the elements of insurrection.......Conciliation, argument, truth, can do much; but the sword and the pen should mutually sustain each other."

Such is the universal testimony of all witnesses whose hearts are unalterably fixed upon Union and the Government, and the conclusion is inevitable. It is, that the national authority must be maintained by force of arms in the whole region lately in rebellion until the testimony is equally universal that that force may be relaxed with perfect security to the national authority. That the entire region is prostrated and exhausted there can be no doubt. That the war was prolonged by a terrible tension of every energy and resource is beyond question. That, as a private letter from South Carolina avers, "the only struggle here now is a struggle to live," is evident. But no part of the rebel region was more utterly strained than Virginia, none was more entirely exhausted. Yet who would withdraw the United States army from Virginia? What man in his senses would assume that, active operations in the field being over, the people of Virginia should at once be intrusted with the uncontrolled political conduct of the State? There have been several local elections in Virginia since the surrender of LEE. In almost every instance they have resulted in the choice of men who are known to hold the views stated by our Alabama correspondent. What would be the consequence of recognizing such elections? Plainly, the election to Congress of men of the WADE HAMPTON school; and by the alliance of such men with Copperheads, the Government of the United States would be in the hands of its enemies, and the first act of their power would be the repudiation of the national debt.

This is a result to be avoided at all hazards. But it can be avoided only by the action, not by the passivity, of the Government; and, to that end, the maintenance of adequate military power in the Southern States is indispensable. The disadvantages of such occupation are obvious, but not so obvious as its absolute necessity. It is very desirable that the people of Alabama and Georgia and Mississippi should immediately choose honest Union men for their local officers and for representatives. But if they do not, they can not expect the country to suffer the consequences of their action. They must themselves endure them.

We do not, of course, exclude from the category of Union men all who have submitted to the inexorable rule of the rebellion. There are men in the South who do not call the United States Government "your" Government. There are men who do not say "our people," meaning rebels. There are men who do not excuse the crimes of LEE and DAVIS, of WERTZ and WINDER. There are men who were formerly opposed to abolitionism; and by their acquiescence in the Southern policy really fomented the war, yet who are, and have always been, faithful to the Union, and acquiesce in emancipation as a natural result of the war to preserve the Union. Such men, of the white race, are not many. Even now they are not strong enough nor bold enough to hold hearty Union meetings and speak collectively against rebel chiefs like WADE HAMPTON. They are not numerous enough to carry local elections. Nobody believes that they will be strong enough to control the State Conventions which are about to assemble. But until the political power of their States is indisputably in the hands, not of secessionists of yesterday who have taken an oath which they despise, but of the true Union population, whether they were coerced into acquiescence in the rebellion or not, so long those States must be quietly held by the Government.

While all means are tried and every opportunity is given for the peaceful operation of the civil law, yet the loyal people of the State and the Union must know that the State and the country are not at the mercy of their enemies. Mr. WADE HAMPTON advises his confederates not to emigrate, but to remain and attempt to achieve by political methods what military effort has failed to accomplish. The people of the United States are fools for not having surrendered to BEAUREGARD'S cannon at Fort Sumter if they mean now to surrender to WADE HAMPTON'S oaths and votes. But if they do not mean to surrender, they must use the victory they have won so as to make his vote as futile as his sabre. This can be done in one way only: by occupying them, not offensively but firmly, and securing the political power in every rebel State to the whole loyal population, white or colored. The loyal white population is not politically friendly to the colored; but we believe that even they will ally themselves with black patriots rather than intrust themselves to white traitors.

OUR CONTINENTAL DUTY.

GENERAL GRANT is reported to have said in Toronto that France must go out of Mexico or she would be driven out. Whatever General GRANT may think, it is not probable that he says all he thinks, because he is a man of supreme discretion, and because he knows that the one desperate, lingering hope of the rebellion is that the United States may be involved in a foreign war. Such a war would be the rebels' opportunity. Probably no man in the country so earnestly wishes for such a war as WADE HAMPTON. While, therefore, if a foreign war should unhappily be forced upon us, we could not decline it, it is very important that we should not indulge in any vague defiance and declamation. Let us fight, if our safety or our honor demand. But, for the sake of decency, let us have done with swagger.

We ventured to suggest some time since that the MONROE doctrine was popularly supposed to mean the right or the resolution of the United States to regulate the governments of this continent. But we can not see what right this Government has which every other independent Government has not. WASHINGTON'S warning against entangling alliances was the sagacious advice that we should severely mind our own business, and not interpret our own business too rashly. CANNING'S whole policy, at the time he suggested to Mr. MONROE, through Mr. RUSH, the declaration of a policy toward the Spanish colonies on this continent, was founded upon the principle that the interest of constitutional government every where was the interest of England: and situated as England and the Continent then were, the welfare of the British empire required the policy he pursued. A formidable and triumphant coalition of despotisms threatened free governments, not theoretically and in the nature of things, but with arms; and it was imperatively necessary that those governments should be ready to withstand the danger.

It is undoubtedly true that a similar exigency would be equally menacing, and that the United States are always at liberty to provide for their own safety. If the various governments upon this continent choose to unite and forbid any European colonization here, they have the power of doing it. If they mutually agree that they will always retain a republican form, they may of course do that. If any one among them, or any combination, declare that no other form shall be tolerated, then, if the single government or the alliance be sufficiently strong, the declaration can be enforced. But may the United States, as the chief power on this continent, forbid the people of Mexico to establish an empire, upon the ground that the immediate neighborhood of imperial institutions is threatening to a republic? Or ought we to guarantee the people of Mexico or of any neighboring country against all foreign powers, under all circumstances, and whatever provocation may have been offered?

If our safety and interest require that we regulate our neighbors, they certainly require that we absorb them, as the surest and least costly method of regulation. And if the presence of European powers upon this side of the ocean be offensive and dangerous, why is Spain suffered to hold Cuba, or England Jamaica? Abstractly, it would be difficult to prove that Mexico as a French colony would be more dangerous to our peace and security than Cuba and Jamaica as English or Spanish colonies, except that Mexico is upon the main land. If we may assume the dictatorship of the continent, we ought certainly to control the islands upon its coasts and within its waters.

President MONROE, indeed, in his message declaring what is called the Monroe Doctrine, expressly excepted "the existing colonies or dependencies of any European power." But any European purpose of "oppressing or controlling" the Governments which had declared and maintained their independence would be considered unfriendly to the United States; and "the American continents" were not to be considered as subjects for future colonization by any European power. Now this last declaration is absolute. But suppose some of our neighbors should invite colonization, should we feel at liberty to forbid it?

We neither defend nor justify the French operations in Mexico. They were undertaken in the day of our division and weakness. But we do not believe that twenty or thirty thousand French soldiers in a hostile country, separated by three or four thousand miles from France, threaten the "safety or peace," the "rights or the interests," of the United States. When they do it will be proper to warn them to leave. But until they do it is enough to say to France, as the Government has already said and repeated, that the United States watch with interest and sympathy the fortunes of their neighbors. France and the world understand what that means.

There is no occasion for the American people or for American generals to threaten or defy. We have long indulged the bad habit of loud boasting, while the finger of the world was pointed at us in scorn for our fatal inconsistency of principle and practice. But now that from the fiery cloud we emerge purified, erect, and with irresistible power, our truest honor and dignity demand that we put away childish things.

CROTON WATER.

THE capacity of the aqueduct for bringing water to the city was intended to be, and we suppose is, equal to sixty million gallons *per diem;* which, for a population of one million inhabitants, gives sixty gallons a day to each person. This supply is much greater than that furnished to the inhabitants of London or Paris, or indeed to any of the principal cities of the world, and for domestic purposes is not only ample but liberal.

There are times, however, in dry seasons, when the flow of the Croton River into the dam which supplies the aqueduct is not equal to the carrying power of the aqueduct, at which times —generally in July and August—the water stored in reservoirs and dams is called upon with a view to keep up the maximum supply to the city of sixty million gallons per day, but the Commissioners of the Water Department well know that all the means for storing water yet provided (the new reservoir in the Central Park included) have proved wholly insufficient for this purpose, and that the safety of the city, with respect not only to its health but also as to fires, makes it necessary to provide additional means for storing water. To accomplish this purpose an Act was applied for by the Water Department, and passed by the last Legislature, authorizing the Commissioners to purchase voluntarily, or take by assessment, such lands in the large area constituting the Croton Valley as they might think needful, for building dams to "store and impound" the waters of the river, so as to furnish, even in seasons of the greatest drought, the grand maximum of sixty million gallons per day. But although the surveys for over fifteen of such dams were made as early as 1857–8, and the Act of the Legislature was accompanied by an appropriation of three hundred thousand dollars for an expenditure to that extent, the season is nearly past without the commencement of any dam, or even the definite selection of any spot for this necessary work. No land has consequently been condemned for this object. The well-known difficulties in the Department, resulting from the illegal appointment of two Commissioners of the three which constitute the Board, or the illegal holding over of the two sought to be displaced, account in part for this delay; but we learn that since the recent decision of the Supreme Court in favor of the Commissioners sought to be displaced, the Board is acting in other matters, and we can conceive of no duty of greater importance to the city, or which should sooner engage their prompt and careful attention, than that of constructing immediately one or more of these impounding dams.

The capacity of the Valley of the Croton for supplying water is but little known to the community, but it is ample for whatever number of inhabitants may be congregated hereafter upon the island which defines the city's limits. The area of supply contains $338\frac{82}{100}$ square miles, embracing parts of Westchester, Putnam, and Duchess Counties, and a small portion of the high ground of Connecticut. Within this area the Croton has three branches—the east, middle, and west, which unite together near Croton Falls, about eight miles above the dam, after which union the Croton receives numerous tributaries. The mountain region on the Hudson River which commences at Peekskill and extends with a width of about fifteen miles to a point nearly opposite Newburgh, proceeds with that width east of the river across Westchester and Putnam Counties, forming the Highlands, on the drainage of which the city depends for water. The height of this region varies from one hundred and fifty to about fifteen hundred feet above tide-water, consisting mainly of the primary formation, and of a formation quite near to it in character, named by Professor EMMONS the Taconic, both of which contain no rocks or soil but such as are suitable for water of high purity. In this mountain region numerous lakes are dotted about, which constitute natural reservoirs of considerable extent, but the main supply is of course from the copious rains which are poured upon these elevated lands in greater quantity than upon any other portion of the State.

The city has but to exercise due diligence to keep the aqueduct supplied to its full extent from these inexhaustible sources, and we hope to learn that the Board will be enabled to go forward with this work without delay. The time will undoubtedly come when an additional or a larger aqueduct will be required for the wants of the city, to be supplied from artificial lakes, constructed in the deep and numerous valleys of Westchester and Putnam Counties. Provident circumspection and foresight will be exhibited by procuring the lands needed for this purpose before they become too highly improved or too costly to justify their purchase. The population of New York and vicinity are destined to a growth of which history affords no parallel. Its future is announced to us by the ample provision which nature has made for eclipsing all other cities of the world. It has water sufficiently deep for all purposes of commerce out to the sea. While other Atlantic rivers degenerate into falls at the first step of the land upward from the ocean, the Hudson sweeps through this barrier at the Highlands without impediment, furnishing one hundred and sixty miles of tidal navigation. While other Atlantic cities have high mountains, varying from one thousand to four thousand feet, between them and the trade and the vast riches of the great West, the Alleghany dips at Little Falls to three hundred and thirteen feet above tide water (lower than Lake Erie), enabling us to reach mighty regions of country with no difficulty resulting from intervening elevations. The avenues to Canada are equally to our advantage and the disadvantage of other cities. The power of the city to grow is also indicated by its surroundings. The primary system, with its high and rolling grounds, extends to the very coast at New York; while southward, all the way to Texas, the coast is flat—the flat lands varying in width from thirty to one hundred and fifty miles of poor, or, if not, of easily impoverished soil, not favorable to health. Near to us is abundant material for building of all descriptions, and, not least, the means of an ample supply of water from Croton Valley. The necessity for obtaining the latter to the extent needed for the full capacity of the aqueduct, is so apparent to guard against loss from fire and serious danger to health that the Commissioners will be held to a performance of duty in this matter equal to what the exigency demands. The selection of ground for the first dam should be made with a view to obtaining the largest quantity of water expeditiously and frequently, leaving inferior dams to be constructed as from time to time the wants of the city call for additional water.

BUTTON, DAVENPORT, AND HOYT.

A RESPECTABLE man named DAVENPORT married a respectable woman, and they lived honorably and decently together in the town of Greenwich, Connecticut, working hard and eating the honest fruit of their toil. Some of their neighbors did not like that Mr. DAVENPORT should be the husband of his wife, and they riotously attacked his house. Being warned away by his mother they refused to retire, and she fired from the window, killing the ringleader. The coroner's jury justified her, of course. But a certain PHILANDER BUTTON read DAVENPORT a lecture upon the occasion, telling him that, although there was no law to prevent his marrying his wife, yet his conduct in so doing was most improper, and that he was in imminent danger in Greenwich, and had better go away. That the men who attacked him and his family in his own house had done any thing improper Mr. PHILANDER BUTTON did not say. That they, and all other ruthless breakers of the peace, had better leave the town of Greenwich, he did not advise. But that an industrious man who had offended no law, and who was living peaceably with all men, should depart if his ignorant neighbors took a prejudice against him, Mr. PHILANDER BUTTON was very clear.

Mr. or Dr. J. H. HOYT said he had nothing to say but ditto to Mr. BUTTON, and hoped the prisoner would avoid quarreling. To which Mr.

Davenport very conclusively replied: "Why, Sir, I never had any quarrel with any of them till they attacked me."

Now if the ignorant people of the town of Greenwich should be displeased with the domestic circumstances of Mr. Philander Button or Dr. or Mr. J. H. Hoyt, and attack the houses of those gentlemen, what would be their opinion of a fellow-citizen of theirs who should say: "Here, you, Button, you have violated no law, and your life is decent and orderly; but some people don't like you, and my advice to you as a friend is to leave; and you, Hoyt, let me solemnly advise you not to quarrel with your neighbors."

Let them ask themselves what they would think of such a fellow-citizen, and reflect that it is precisely what every honorable man in the country thinks of their treatment of Davenport. If the town of Greenwich in Connecticut can not protect its peaceable citizens against ruffians, let it say so. But if its reputable citizens virtually take the part of the ruffians against decent men, they cover themselves with the shame of complicity in dastardly offenses.

GOVERNOR HAMILTON OF TEXAS.

In the letter in which he advises the rebel leaders to remain in the country "whose future has so little of hope," Mr. Wade Hampton speaks of the United States Provisional Governor of South Carolina, Mr. Perry, as "an honest man and a true patriot." As he had just mentioned the Union men of the State as those "who forsook her in her hour of need, and who would gladly pull her down to irretrievable ruin," he evidently does not consider Mr. Perry to be one of them. We are sorry that Governor Perry should have received such praise from such a man.

But there is one Provisional Governor whom Wade Hampton will not praise. That is Andrew J. Hamilton of Texas. His proclamation to the people of that State is just what it should be. It speaks soberly, emphatically, and faithfully, what we believe to be the intention of the people of this country. It does not affect in any way to palliate the rebellion, nor to identify the writer with it. It neither speaks of "our" armies, meaning rebels; nor of "our" cause, meaning treason. It informs the Texans that slavery died because it challenged freedom to mortal combat, and he begs to assure his fellow-citizens that the Government will protect the freedmen. He recommends the freedmen to engage with their former masters until the end of harvest; but he warns the employers that all combinations to coerce the laborers or to ostracize those who hire them will meet with no favor. He adds: "And candor compels me to say to the people of Texas, that, if in the action of the proposed convention the negro is characterized or treated as less than a freeman, our Senators and Representatives will seek in vain admission to the halls of Congress."

If the other Provisional Governors had spoken as truly and plainly the task of reorganization would have been made much easier. Governor Hamilton was one of the Union men of Texas who proved his faith by his works and was driven from the State. He knows the awful fate of his friends who could not escape. He knows what the spirit of the rebellion was. He knows that it is not extinct. He has learned by constant contact with loyal Americans during the war what they think and mean; and he does not look for permanent pacification either to men like Wade Hampton or to those whom Wade Hampton praises, but to those who believe that the country has been saved and not ruined by the war.

ON THE ROBBING OF BANKS.

It is but the other day that the city was startled by the news that Windsor, a teller in the Mercantile Bank, had run away with gold and currency belonging to the bank to the tune of $200,000; and now it transpires that Henry B. Jenkins, a teller in the Phenix Bank, has made away with the money of that institution to what amount no one knows, though the cashier—easy soul—protests that not over $300,000 has been stolen. Less fortunate than Windsor, Jenkins did not run away, has been arrested, and has made a partial confession; one of his friends, Earle, his alleged accomplice, was likewise arrested, but settled his account with justice by cutting his throat with a penknife—which he had concealed in his mouth—during his first night's imprisonment in a cell. Jenkins's case lacks none of the elements of a *cause célèbre*. There is a fair but frail woman in it—once, it seems, a "pretty waiter girl," who wears impalpable hats, and gems of purest rays serene on her fingers—whether paid for, unconsciously, by virtuous stockholders in the Phenix Bank remains to be seen. And there is a "Butcher," cold and base, who, possessor of the poor defaulter's secret, used it to rob him remorselessly, and fed a bank account of his own with blood-money extorted from his victim. There is not even wanting a fair and virtuous lady who supplies the culprit with fragrant bouquets to perfume the fetid air of the Police Justice's Court. If Jenkins were but young and handsome, we should have the materials for a thrilling romance made ready to our hand. Unfortunately, he is an old man, half bald, seedy, threadbare, and altogether unromantic of aspect. He will not even be able to plead that the intoxicating delight of early love betrayed him to his fall; for he has a wife and children.

The late Mr. Buckle assured us that occult laws govern even the most seemingly accidental events of life, such as suicides and robberies; that the same number of persons commit suicide every year, and about the same number are robbed. Another defunct philosopher, Mr. Merriam of Brooklyn, had, by prodigious labor, constructed a table which proved that for ever so many years exactly seventy-nine persons had been killed annually in the United States by lightning. But we are inclined to question the soundness of this theory of averages so far as bank robberies are concerned.

The natural tendency of every person who has character and training enough to become teller of a bank is not to rob. To overcome this tendency unusual temptation must be held out. A naturally honest young man will find this unusual temptation in a desperate love-affair with a frail woman, or in the seduction of the gambling-table. A man who is not young will find it in eras of excessive speculation in stocks. In ordinary times, to secure his bank against defalcations, a cashier or president will only need to watch the private lives of his tellers, and to make sure that they are not gamblers and not involved in disreputable intrigues. But in extraordinary periods of general speculation, no observance of their private life will warrant the conviction that they are not dabbling in stocks. Jenkins and Windsor had both been bank clerks for many years. Jenkins had grown gray in the service. If age and experience gave any title to trust he had it. Yet when the terrible speculative simoom of 1863-'64 swept over the land, it swept away his principles, his long-tried fidelity, his regard for his family, even his self-interest. If he fell, is it reasonable to suppose that the other thousand bank tellers and cashiers throughout the country resisted the temptation, and that the number of bank defalcations which will be brought to light in 1865 and 1866 will be no larger than in 1862 and 1863?

Consider the position of a paying teller. He has so much money under his charge—from $100,000 to $1,000,000, as the business of the bank requires. This money at night is locked in his vault, of which he has the key. In theory, the book-keeper of the bank checks his balance every night, or, in this city, every morning, when the exchanges are made at the clearing-house; and the cashier compares the balance as shown by the books of both, and counts the notes. In practice, book-keeper and teller compare balances once a week or once a month, in order to ascertain the amount of "overs" and "unders;" in other words, the sums which the teller has overpaid and underpaid. Even the most accurate tellers make mistakes daily, but generally they are found to balance each other. If the teller enjoys the confidence of the cashier and directors, his notes are not counted, except at rare intervals. If he says that the trunk or tray contains $400,000, they accept the statement as a fact, though it may contain but $300,000. Even tellers of different banks accept from each other $10,000 packages without counting them. This, be it remembered, is the practice, not the theory, of modern banking.

Under this practice it is clear that a smart bank teller can always manage to abstract a certain percentage of the money placed in his charge, and keep it outside of the bank for long periods of time. If his average amount of notes on hand is $500,000, he knows that his balance will never run below $200,000, and he can use half that sum without much risk of detection, if he is trusted by his superiors. Under these circumstances he sees men around him making fortunes by speculation. A friend of this man Jenkins once made $400,000 in a week. He sees his chiefs, the cashier and directors of the bank, gambling furiously in stocks and gold, and notes their profits. He is told by brokers whose account he keeps that Erie is a sure card, and that if he had but $10,000 he could double it in less than a fortnight. He resists the temptation for a long time; for, as we said, the natural tendency of every man in his position is to be honest. But he has so often seen the predictions of his friends realized, so often seen Erie rise when he was told it was going to rise, and Old Southern fall when he was warned it would fall, that at last he yields. It is but a temporary loan from the bank, he says. His money—or more truly the bank's money—staked, he plays, the inexorable law of fate comes into operation and he loses. It is always so. Stolen money carries its curse. He has taken the plunge, however, and the sequel comes easier. The question for him now is whether he shall surrender himself a thief, or by further thefts endeavor to make good his losses, restore what he has stolen, and regain his self-respect. In such a dilemma no shrewd man could hesitate for an instant. He steals more, plays again, and again loses. Are there any instances of money made on stolen capital? But why pursue a tale that has been worn threadbare by the publishers of the "Washerwoman of Finchley Common?"

There is a point in bank defalcations by tellers at which the aid of accomplices becomes requisite, and this is perhaps the point to which public attention may be most usefully directed. To buy or sell stocks, the intervention of a broker is essential. How about a broker who receives ten or twenty or fifty thousand dollars from a bank teller as margin on speculative operations? Should he not be presumptively held to have been cognizant of the felonious source of his margins? If he did not know, ought he not to have suspected? Again, while a paying teller may, by dexterity and by relying upon the confidence of his employers, divert ten or twenty per cent. of his stock of notes, it is quite clear that he can not make away with half his stock without accomplices in the bank. We do not pretend to know the details of Jenkins's case. But it seems quite improbable that he could have abstracted so large a sum as $300,000 from the bank without the connivance of other clerks. Days must have occurred when his stock of money was too small to discharge the debt of the bank at the Clearing-house—if his own accounts were the only ones that were falsified. On this head the suicide of Earle, who had been book-keeper in the bank, is suggestive. But the investigation by the bank authorities and the courts should still be thorough.

An eminent British divine declares that, on the whole, he doubts whether certain forms of vice are restrained in any perceptible degree by mere precept. So far as bank defalcations are concerned, the axiom may perhaps be accepted. No teller robs a bank deliberately. He acts from sudden impulse, and generally repents immediately afterward. He would repair the damage at once if he could. It is wholesome, probably, to peruse the homilies which Jenkins's affair has suggested to the daily papers: it is well to read in clear print that roguery is wrong, and honesty on the whole the best policy; but for all this bank stockholders and bank directors will do well, whenever stock speculation is lively, to inspect their accounts closely, and not to trust to any teller's report of his cash without counting the notes.

THE KETCHUM FRAUDS.

In an article, printed a few weeks since in these columns, some notice was made of a Wall Street combat between an old and wary operator in Erie, and "a young banker of preternatural sagacity." The old and wary operator won—won a million dollars. The young banker of preternatural sagacity is now a fugitive from justice, having robbed the street so thoroughly that the Schuyler frauds appear trifling by the side of his. His name is Edward Ketchum.

A mere narrative of the facts is more instructive than comment.

The great house of Ketchum, Son, & Co. has been for years the clearing-house for the Connecticut banks, and a number of other banks throughout the country. Its deposits have been at times over five million dollars. In the crisis of 1857 Ketchum, Son, & Co. never suspended specie payments, and paid gold when the banks refused to do so. When the suspension of 1861-'62 took place Ketchum, Son, & Co. paid specie long after the banks were on a paper basis. And for a long time after the currency began to depreciate they were the heaviest holders of gold in New York. When gold, after rising to 173, began to fall, they were the first to sell, and it was currently supposed they had made as much on the fall as they had previously made on the rise. When stocks began to advance in 1863 they were large buyers, and took the lion's share of the great harvest that was garnered in that year, and in the first quarter of 1864. Fortune never deserted them till April, 1864, when it was reported that they lost heavily during the panic.

Up to that time the house had the credit of all the operations which were made in its name, whether this theory was well founded or no, it seems that after April 1864, the house did not operate. But one of its members, Edward Ketchum, did. He undertook, by a bold Bear campaign, to repair his April losses, and in the autumn and winter of 1864 he succeeded to a marvelous extent. Every one who has operated in Wall Street knows how quickly profits, or losses, accumulate in active times, when operations are large. Between June 1864 and January 1865, Edward Ketchum must have made near a million dollars. He became infatuated with his success. On the news of the decisive victories won by Grant, Sheridan, and Sherman, he sold stocks short, to an amount far exceeding the operations even of Jacob Little. His theory was that with peace would come collapse, prostration of business, decline of railroad receipts, contraction of currency, and general stagnation. It is an axiom in Wall Street that what every one expects never comes true. Every one agreed with Edward Ketchum, and sure enough every one was disappointed. There was no collapse, no prostration, no decline in railway traffic, no contraction of currency. The Bear movement failed, a Bull movement was inaugurated and was successful, and Edward Ketchum lost all his previous gains, and probably all the money he could draw from his firm besides.

He was not discouraged. He paid his debts, covered his shorts, preserved his credit, reversed his policy, and bought as many stocks for the rise as he had previously sold for the fall. Bought more—how many more no one knows; probably, in all, five times as many as Jacob Little in his boldest days had ever dared to handle. Throughout he managed matters with admirable dexterity; always claiming to have little or no personal interest in the market, but to be merely the broker of a powerful and wealthy clique whose names remained concealed. He was believed. His purchases were commonly talked of as purchases by "the Ketchum party." He was the party; he alone, a boy of twenty-six—cold, serene, self-possessed; never, in any state of the market, flurried or excited; always a model financier.

But to buy $25,000,000 worth of stocks—and rumor estimates Edward Ketchum's purchases as high as this—money as well as credit is requisite. People are apt to call up deposits on speculative contracts even with the best houses. Now Edward Ketchum had lost his money. To what extent the house of Ketchum, Son, & Co. was implicated with him, and to what amount he could use their capital, are questions which can not as yet be determined; it is clear, however, that in June and July of this year Edward Ketchum needed money badly, and his brokers, Graham & Co., must have pressed him for margins. He was not at a loss.

A few months since, with a view of facilitating transactions in gold, the gold brokers agreed to keep gold accounts in the Bank of the State of New York, and to transfer gold from one to the other by means of certified checks instead of carting the gold from office to office in bulk. Under this arrangement all the actual gold in market in the city lay in the vaults of the State Bank; and deliveries among brokers were made by gold checks, duly certified. The bank issued to its customers check-books to be used exclusively for gold transactions. One of these check-books, issued in the name of Charles Graham & Co., was secured by Edward Ketchum.

A few days afterward it became rumored that the gold market was to be "cornered." Large sums of money had been borrowed, right and left, of banks, bankers, and merchants, on gold, *i.e.* gold checks, at a high rate of interest, *on the special condition that the checks should never be used in the market.* Financial pundits in the daily papers declared that Ketchum was trying to put gold up by creating a scarcity, and gave in evidence his unwillingness to have his gold, *i.e.* gold checks, loaned out on the street. They little dreamed of the real reason of his policy.

On the 14th of August a banker, happening to be in a friend's office while the friend was examining his "collaterals," noticed a certified gold check among them. He knew the drawers of the check. He knew their signature. Seizing the piece of paper, he examined it. "'Tis very odd," said he, "that Messrs. So and So don't know how to spell their own name." The "friend" was at once alarmed. The Jenkins defalcation had created uneasiness. He sent the check round to the firm whose name it bore, and asked if it was good. He was promptly told that it was a forgery. Within an hour checks to the amount of $200,000, bearing the names of leading houses, were produced from safes and trunks, and were all pronounced to have been forged. In every instance the checks had been used by Graham & Co., or Ketchum & Co., as collateral for loans.

Who was the forger? was now the question. This question was very simply answered. The State Bank, in assuming the monopoly of the issue of gold check-books, had a motive. It numbered all its checks from 1 to 1,000,000, no matter to whom they were issued. Thus Jones got Numbers 54,000 to 54,100, Smith 62,000 to 62,100, Robinson 31,000 to 32,000, and so forth. By noting the number of the forged checks, therefore, it was a matter of an instant to find out to whom the blank checks were issued. By six o'clock P.M. on the 14th August, the bank knew that all the forged checks came out of the book sent to Edward Ketchum for C. Graham & Co., and by half past six Charles Graham, who had been in ill health and absent from his office for two months, was able to assure the bank that the check-book had never been seen in his office and had never departed from the possession of Edward Ketchum.

Events thickened quickly. In the afternoon of 14th Edward Ketchum, who had discussed the market with several brokers with his usual composure, sent a clerk, at four P.M., to the City Bank with a check for $70,000. It was past bank hours, but there was nothing unusual in the fact that Ketchum, Son, & Co., who had so many customers engaged in the purchase of grain and cotton, required that amount of currency at that late hour. The money was counted out, a large proportion, at Ketchum's request, being in bills of small denominations. The money procured, Edward Ketchum wrote a letter to his partners, acknowledging his crime and advising them what to do, quietly walked up Broadway, with a bundle of bank-notes under his arm, bought a traveling-bag to hold his currency, and departed.

On the following morning Charles Graham & Co., leading brokers, and Ketchum, Son, & Co., unquestionably the first private banking-house in the city, stopped payment, and a frightful panic in Wall Street ensued. Over two millions of forged checks came to light during the day.

OUR WATERING-PLACES—THE EMPTY SLEEVE AT NEWPORT.—[See Page 534.]

OUR WATERING-PLACES—HORSE-RACING AT SARATOGA.—DRAWN BY WINSLOW HOMER.—[SEE FIRST PAGE.]

USELESS GRIEF.

Don't grieve for dead roses—a useless employment
That never was known to do any one good;
The future is sure to have food for enjoyment,
But grieving would spoil it if any thing would.

Look back, if you like, and muse over the beauty
Of hours that are gone; but pray do not forget
That they can not return, and it's every one's duty
To look on life's changes without a regret.

Perhaps there's a vision, somewhere in the vista
Of life's retrospect, of sweet love and delight:
Now what is the use, because once you have kissed a
Dear girl that you loved, to think life is all night

Unless you can once more rejoice in the meeting
With *those* lips, to call them forever your own?
No doubt, could you find them, the very first greeting
Would show you that somehow their sweetness had flown.

There's the "Pleasures of Childhood"—so sweet to remember,
So careless, so bright, and all that sort of thing;
But who would put out his snug fire in December
With a flood of salt tears o'er the beauties of Spring?

When Spring is upon you rejoice in its sunshine;
When Summer comes do the same thing in its shade;
But never forget it's nothing but moonshine
To think that the Winter for mourning was made.

Whatever the hour, make the most of your pleasures;
Look forward, not backward, true comfort to view;
There's a land we're invited to store with our treasures,
And don't forget that, friend, whatever you do.

Past joy and past sorrow have perished together,
And neither need shadow one hour of to-day;
If there's storm in the future there's also fair weather;
Bear one, greet the other, throw nothing away.

Don't grieve o'er the past, with its lovely dead hours;
It never was known to do any one good;
The future has music, and beauty, and flowers,
And grieving will spoil them if any thing would.

THE EMPTY SLEEVE AT NEWPORT;

OR, WHY EDNA ACKLAND LEARNED TO DRIVE.

The first thing Captain Harry Ash saw at Newport, when, for the sake of the new life and strength the sea-breezes would give him, he had been ordered there with his left sleeve pinned empty to his breast, and his whole frame feeble as that of any child, was Edna Ackland driving. She sat in one of those pretty basket-work affairs in vogue in Uppertendom, behind a handsome pair of ponies, handling the reins skillfully, with her sister nestled at her side, and black Cato, in his silver hat-band, bolt upright behind her.

The new feminine accomplishment has taken mightily at Newport, as well as on the gorgeous New York avenue of palatial residences and the drives of Central Park. And she was but one of fifty girlish drivers. But a battery of eyes rained upon her and glances and whispers of admiration were profuse. Harry Ash heard some of them.

Fitzfoodle's simper,

"Veywy fine gal, and knows how to drive."

And the "By George, what a beaufy!" of young Tiptop.

It was a pretty picture. Never did face look so bonnily beneath the shade of hat and plume. Never did white fingers handle the reins so deftly.

The only face that frowned was that poor, war-worn face of Captain Harry Ash. He looked after her, flushing and paling by turns. The sight was an unlovely one to him, Heaven knew.

He had, young as he was, old-fashioned prejudices. He liked womanly women. The girls of society, in their *prononcés* toilets, with their loud laughter and bold eyes, and ambition to be "fast," often shocked him. And this new freak of driving had seemed the worst of all. She knew he thought so. She whom he had so often driven over that Newport beach (ah, he should never so drive any one again!), and whom he had loved because she seemed so womanly and gentle—a dainty thing to be watched over and guarded from harm—driving with the daring eyes of fops and roués turned upon her, eager for their praise and admiration, forgetful of him and his opinion.

Ay, that was it, after all—not the mere fact of her driving on Newport beach, but that she should be there on the day of his return, merry and forgetful.

He had hoped to find her watching for him—to meet her somewhere quite alone. He had not more vanity than falls fairly to the lot of handsome men, but he had thought she loved him. In his saddest hour that belief had given him a little gleam of comfort, and he had dreamed of a fireside with Edna for its angel. It was over now. Had she loved him she would not have been here. And the poor fellow groaned involuntarily, and hid his fine, worn face in his one transparent hand.

While he languished on the hospital cot, fanned by the black wing of the Death Angel hovering over him, and in every lucid interval thinking of her, she had been learning to drive for the sake of Fitzfoodle's praise and young Tiptop's compliments.

The dancing-hall and the billiard-room—filled as they were with brainless fops and fortune-hunters—had been her world, and he was quite forgotten.

Well, she owed him no duty. They were not betrothed. What was he—a helpless, one-armed fellow, shut off from manly sports for life at twenty-six—an invalid to be nursed and tended, who needed so much and could give so little, that he should fancy a mere flirtation bound that bright young beauty, with every advantage wealth and position could give a handsome girl, to *him?*

Yet even while he spoke he felt that he had thought her all his own; and called to mind a parting hour in which, though not a word was spoken, a kiss had been stolen and not resented.

A moment when two little hands lay in his—two tear-filled eyes met his own. A moment never to be forgotten by the young soldier while life should last. Other girls had been constant to their war-worn lovers—other maimed men returned to find tender bosoms ready to pillow their weary heads—fond hearts more fond for any ill that might have fallen on them.

So had he hoped and dreamed to find Edna; and he met her driving on the crowded beach, so eager to mark the applause of idle loungers that she had driven past him without knowing it. Past him, who would have known the very rustle of her robe in any throng. For a few moments the soldier battled with hot tears and swallowed choking sobs. Then he was calm.

"So be it," he said. "I have borne much; I can bear more. I have given my left arm to my country. If my heart's best love must follow it, let me accept my fate as a man and a soldier should."

And a stern look came over his face, and he leaned back among his cushions with his eyes turned seaward.

In a little while he had himself driven back to the hotel, and there fatigue was a sufficient excuse for keeping his own room and avoiding Edna Ackland, and all the rest of fashiondom.

At best he hated the endless questioning and commiseration—the answering of inquiries as to his health, and how and where and when that sleeve became empty. He did not enjoy the rôle of hero, nor the admiring pity of simpering misses and stout mammas. Edna Ackland's sympathy was the only sympathy he craved, and that he had not. So, shut in his own room, while the world of Newport was abroad, taking his walks and rides when others were at dinner, Captain Ash lived quite as much alone as he might on a desert island, save for an occasional raid of masculine friends, who came to "cheer him up," and failed signally in that praiseworthy endeavor.

The sea air was doing the convalescent very little good. In fact he was weaker than when he came to Newport.

A happy heart is the best medicine, and hope better for the invalid than the balmiest breezes ever blown. These Harry Ash had not. He did not even wish to live.

Sometimes on the nights of the renowned Newport "hops," when music came stealing on the balmy air to his very window, and the sound of dancing feet, timing it gayly, brought back the memory of hours when he was the merriest of the throng, the poor young soldier would sit with his aching head and heart and listen, almost believing that he could see Edna among the dancers—Edna, in the white dress he loved to see her wear, with pearls about her throat and in her ears.

Ay, and with young Fitzfoodle for a partner, and a throng of brainless boys about her when she grew weary of the German. Perhaps they whispered praises of her skill with whip and rein. Perhaps she looked and spoke as other girls did now, not with the modest glance and tone of the Edna of old, and yet he longed unseen to see and hear her.

One night the longing grew so strong that to get rid of it he left his room and sauntered feebly out into the open air, and down a romantic path where he hoped he should not hear the music and the tinkle of dancing feet. But it came to him even there. The lights flashed through the dark foliage—the notes of a valse mingled with the far-off sob of the sea. That music was like his memory, he could not escape it. For he had walked too far already, and was fain to sit down and rest—he who had been once so strong. He flung himself on a garden-seat and wiped the damp drops from his brow.

"I am getting no stronger," he thought. "I shall never live to see the flowers die. Will she care, I wonder?"

Even as he spoke a soft sobbing broke upon his ear—the note a dove mourning for her mate might make. It seemed close to him—he turned and looked. The garden seat rested with its back against a great tree—*dos à dos* to this, facing another walk, was a like seat. On this a lady sat—her head bent down—the moonlight lying on great coils of flaxen hair—little white hands clasped, and sobs, suppressed but audible to the young soldier, heaving her bosom. That wealth of hair, that slender form, surely he knew them. He bent forward to be certain, and a branch rustled, and the lady started up in affright. It was Edna Ackland, and she saw him, for the moon was bright and full upon his face. For a moment both remained motionless. Then she arose and came around the tree and sat down beside him.

Her eyes were swollen with weeping, and she held her hand out to him. What could he do but take it?

"You are better?" she said. "I feared you were very ill. You have been here a whole week and never been near us. Was that right?"

"You forget I am an invalid and not equal to society yet," he said, coldly.

"Forget—oh no!" and her glance took in his empty sleeve—"how could I?"

"How could you, indeed! I am sadly altered—neither useful nor ornamental to the world. The best thing I can do is to quit it, as I expect to soon."

She stretched her hand toward him with a sudden gesture that looked almost like a caress, and drew it back blushing scarlet.

"Nay, you are better. The doctor told mamma so. All you need is exercise. You should drive out, or go upon the water more."

The word "drive" angered him. He answered curtly: "Driving is very pleasant to one who possesses Miss Ackland's new accomplishment. It is not so charming to one who can never handle whip or rein again. The same with boating. Perhaps you are also mistress of the oar?"

"Yes, I can row very well, I believe."

So she boasted of it. His lip curled.

"Were Miss Ackland a gentleman I should compliment her. As it is—"

"Well, Captain Ash?"

"I can but regret it."

"Why?"

"I grieve to see a woman unwomanly."

Edna Ackland arose and gathered her shawl about her. She intended to sail away in dignified silence, but her eyes grew blind with tears. Despite all she could do they escaped from beneath her lashes, and she had no resource but to wipe them away with her kerchief. Of late she had been in the habit of crying, and was not mistress of her eyes.

Harry Ash had had his fling. Now he regretted it. He arose and stepped forward.

"I was ungentlemanly—brutal," he said; "forgive me. I am a very child—I am so weak and worn. Miss Ackland, surely *I* have not power to bring tears to your eyes. My opinion is not so much to you?"

But she sobbed on softly, and he stood looking at her abashed and grieved.

"It was an old prejudice," he pleaded, "quite out of date, I know. Forgive me, Oh Edna, Edna!" The name burst from him unawares. He took another step forward. The parting hour came back to him—the touch of those little lips. Had he been mistaken? Did she love him after all?

If so, what had he done? And he almost sobbed: "Edna, do not hate me for my brutal words! Edna, forgive me, pity me, love me; for in my maimed body dwells a heart all yours to its last beat!"

And then his one arm stole about her waist and drew her close to him.

"Are you really angry that I have learned to drive?" she said, after a few minutes. "No—don't answer; I must tell you first why I learned. I knew you loved me; I felt sure that you would tell me so when you returned; and, Harry, if you had lost both arms it would have made only one difference—I should have loved you more. So when they told me you had lost an arm, the first thought that came to my mind was this—the first thought after the shock was over, I mean—He will be so helpless! There will be so many things he can not do for himself. I must be left hand and right hand also, should it be God's pleasure. And that thought staid in my mind, and will stay there forever.

"So, old Mark taught me to drive; and I learned, as I have learned many things, for love of you. You are not angry now, Harry?"

Angry! It was strange anger then. It flushed brightly in his cheek, and sparkled in his eye, and told itself in a soft shower of kisses.

They are married now, and you may see them any day driving upon the Newport beach in the pleasant August afternoons. Her hands guide the reins, and he sits with his empty sleeve beside her. Yet, for all that, his eye is on the road and his voice guides her; so that, in reality, she is only his left hand, and he, the husband, drives.

THE CRACK IN THE CHURCH FLOOR.

Ours was a quaint old church, built of rough stone, with a peaked roof, and an odd little steeple, where a set of sweet bells hung. It had the queerest little organ-gallery, with carven balustrades, about which cherubims seemed to flutter, and a birdsnest of a pulpit hung in mid air. Once the French Huguenots who settled New Rochelle had worshiped there, but it was an Episcopal church now, and most of the residents belonged to it. Not that they always attended regularly; for once it was said, driven to madness by the beggarly array of empty pews, the Rev. Elias Danbury had begun his sermon thus: "Dearly beloved Mr. and Mrs. Norroway and Mr. Parmelyea"—addressing the only members present who were wide awake. But that was of a rainy day, and before the organ came—the new organ, bright and loud of voice, which wicked people, not to be tempted out by sermons, came to hear. When this became an attraction, and good Mr. Hess, our German organist, had formed a choir, there was, on pleasant mornings, quite a display of best bonnets within, and of wagons, gigs, and saddle-horses without. Then would hunchbacked Timothy Brown, parish clerk and cordwainer, tip-toe out during service time, and save himself trouble by putting boots and shoes, made or mended through the week, under the seats of his customers' wagons, that they might take them home themselves; and, returning, drop asleep until charitably awakened by the head of the house of Adair, occupying the front pew, who poked at him across pews with umbrella or walking-stick, and caused him to start to consciousness with a sonorous "Amen," generally absurdly out of place, but sometimes as ridiculously in the nick of time.

I sang in the church choir, and when it was formed I may have been seventeen.

One October day, the last of the month, which chanced to fall on a Thursday, we went, according to custom, to practice some new music at the church. Early as it was, it was Christmas music, for we intended to make a grand display of our acquirements on that day, when the church was always full of strangers. And I suppose no one had a thought but that on Christmas-day old Mr. Hess would sit at the organ, and we fill each a place behind the red curtain of the choir. That afternoon I stopped for Abby Adair, and we walked over together. She had the soprano voice. I sang contralto. There were maple leaves thick about the church, and quite a red carpet of them rustled under our feet. Some had blown into the church itself, and the hunchbacked clerk was hobbling about, picking them up. "You are the first this time, ladies," he said.

"The first—then Mr. Hess has not come yet?"

"Ah! *he's* come, Miss Sophy; warrant him for that. The first *ladies* I meant. But he's not playing."

We ran up the steps of the organ-gallery, Abby first. At the head of them she paused, and I—neither of us knew why—stood still also. The loft, just coming from such a bright October sunlight, was dark, and we could not quite make out what Mr. Hess was doing. He was on his knees, his head bent down.

"Is he praying?" whispered Abby.

We crept forward a step. I said, "Mr. Hess." There was no answer. I said it louder. No answer still. Then Abby and I, instead of going forward, ran back and screamed together, and brought old Timothy from the aisles below.

Our poor organist knelt there *dead!*

We fancied he must have felt death stealing over him, and knelt down to pray. There was a sweet smile on his face, and one hand was in his bosom clutching a locket, in which lay coiled a tress of flaxen hair. We buried it with him, for we all felt it must be some relic of the past life of which we knew nothing. After that the organ stood dumb, and we missed the dear old German face and the kindly voice with its foreign accent, which we knew so well, and without him we had no heart to sing. Not even at Christmas time.

In the spring, when violets were on his grave, we heard that a new organist had been engaged, and that the Thursday and Saturday afternoon instruction was to recommence, and came together once more in the church. The old minister was there, and with him a gentleman who looked about thirty years old. He had a fine, tall figure, an olive complexion, and eyes never seen save when the complexion is pure olive; Spanish eyes, shaded by jet-black lashes. When he stepped forward to speak to us I saw that he was very slightly lame. Kind old Mr. Danbury introduced us in a sort of impromptu sermon. Under the head of "firstly" he informed our organist that we were the most amiable of choirs, to whom hitherto all those dissensions peculiar to such institutions had been utterly unknown. Secondly, he let us know that Mr. Andrew Hudson did us a favor by coming among us, and that he was a wondrous organist. Thirdly, he hoped our amity would continue, and increase if possible, and then sat down, with his face beaming with smiles, to listen to our first afternoon's performance.

At the first touch we knew Mr. Hudson was master of the instrument; but whether we should like him personally was another question. I thought him very handsome; Abby Adair did not—and he was certainly grave and silent to a fault.

We were so accustomed to good Mr. Hess, and his fatherly interest in each and all of us, that even a genial stranger would have seemed very different—this gentleman particularly so, from his peculiar manner.

But I walked home that evening with our pastor, and on the way he told me quite a romantic story of our new organist. How, at twenty, he had saved a child from being crushed by the heavy wheels of a wagon driven by a drunken man, and, in the act, been so injured that it was for a time thought he would never walk again except on crutches. How, at this, the girl he loved—a giddy butterfly, with neither heart nor soul—had jilted him, and married some one else; and how, even while suffering great agony at intervals, the young man began to study music as a profession, by which in his crippled state he could support his mother and himself.

"He had genius, and succeeded wonderfully," continued the clergyman; "and God has given him health and strength again, almost miraculously—and as for the girl, I believe, but for those five long years which kept him a prisoner in his room and gave him so much time to think, he would have quite forgotten her. And sometimes I believe, and his old mother also, that if he ever meets another woman he can love he will become his old, light-hearted self again."

He looked at me as he spoke. He was very old, and often uttered his thoughts aloud without intending to do so.

"Pretty, very pretty," he muttered. "Golden hair and blue eyes—colored just as *she* was—and a good, sweet girl—" Then, with a start and newly-awakened look—"There's the parsonage, Sophy; won't you come in and see Mrs. Danbury?"

But I was busy that night, and could not. Besides, I wanted to think. The new organist was a different person already in my eyes. I felt sorry for him and indignant with the girl, and rejoiced that he was no longer very lame—as though I had known him all my life; and I hoped that he would meet some new *true* love. Abby Adair?—no, she could not understand him. Ruth Maitland or Bess Blauvelt?—nay, each had a suitor.

And then, being at home, I went to the glass and looked at Sophy Norroway!

Did Mr. Danbury mean me? I had golden hair and blue eyes. Perhaps I *was* pretty; and I was *sure* that if I had been that girl I never, never—

There the folly of my thoughts burst upon me; I laughed aloud. Silly, silly girl! I cared nothing for that dark, sad stranger; and he had not even looked at me.

Not *then;* but I could not say the same afterward. There came a time when, lift my eyes when I would, I saw his bent upon me. Not an impertinent stare; a quiet, earnest look, as though he were trying to read me through. He used to listen when I spoke to others, though he very seldom conversed with me; and once, I fancied, changed my seat under some pretense, to have me where he could see me better. At last, as I sat sewing at home one day, near the window, I lifted my eyes and saw him coming up the garden path.

We talked that day. Shy people can only really converse *en tête-à-tête*. And when he went away I knew him and liked him.

The first time I ever saw him smile was when he looked back at the door to say a last word or two.

It was a very sweet smile, brimful of kindliness.

I was just eighteen, he nearly thirty. I fell in love with him the sooner for that. Yes, the secret is out. A few of those visits, half a dozen of those long quiet chats, and I loved him fondly. I believed he loved me. I could not help thinking so. Not that he ever said any thing, but looks and tones are better signs than words sometimes. I was young and inexperienced; I trusted to them, perhaps, more than I should. I never told any one my secret, but I nursed it in joyful silence. When Thursdays came I knew I should see him, and the sky seemed brighter than that of any other morning, and Sabbaths were days of earthly hope and joy to me; and whenever at home in the still evening, with grandpa asleep in his easy-chair, I heard

coming up the garden path that well known step, with the little halt it had not quite lost yet, my heart began to beat and my cheek to flush.

Oh, I loved him so! I loved him so! Words can not tell how well I loved him.

So, in those lonely days at home, when I had little to do but think, I built castles in the air, womanly castles, with his face in every scene, and almost without knowing it I was waiting for him to ask me to be his wife.

I was quite my own mistress, old grandpa would never say me nay, and he loved Andrew almost as well as I did, and grandma always humored me.

The happiest memories of my life are of that choir in the dim old church. Some day I may be old and blind and deaf to outward things, but I shall always be able to see that organ. The olive face and dusky Spanish eyes bent over the music, and the golden sunlight falling over the sweet picture through the narrow window over head, and burnishing the glimmering organ and the waves of jet black hair. I shall always, until earthly music is drowned by that of heaven, hear Andrew Hudson playing as he played in those happy hours.

One Thursday I went earlier than usual to find only the clerk in the church nailing down new carpets on the aisles. As I paused to look at them he put his hand in his pocket. "A letter for you," he said, and stretched toward me a little missive white and spotless, with one drop of green wax in its midst.

We girls had a sentimental habit of writing notes, and this was nothing new. I took it carelessly in my hand and slipped it in my pocket to read at home. I had seen a form I knew moving among the grave-stones in the church-yard, and could think of nothing else.

Just then the clerk, flinging away a bit of old carpet, called me.

"See, Miss Sophy, what a crack! They'll be sorry they don't heed me about this floor some day." There, just at the foot of the stairs leading to the gallery where the singers sat was indeed a crack, wide and deep, leaving full four inches between the floor and the lower step at that corner. "The floor is settling, Miss," said he. "The church is getting old, you see; I reckon it'll last my time, though," and he hammered away furiously, making such a racket that neither of us heard any one approaching until a voice cried:

"Ah! new carpets. The church will be smart next Sunday."

It was Andrew Hudson. He stood looking down upon us with his great eyes.

"Not before we needed 'em, Sir," said Timothy. "But what's the use o' carpets with floors like these wearing 'em out? Beg pardon—want to pass, Sir?"

Andrew gave me a look. It said "Come." I felt my cheek flushing. I longed to hear him say that he loved me, and yet the fancy that he might be going to speak now frightened me.

"I have a note I ought to read," I said, taking it from my pocket.

"No matter; let the note alone; read it at home. Come sit in the gallery with me until the rest come."

He said it in such a pleading whisper, under cover of the old clerk's hammering, that I could not refuse. We went up together, I not daring to look at him.

There was a pile of new music on the stand, and in my confusion I sought refuge in that. As I bent over the pages he bent over me; and all in a moment he had caught me about my waist and kissed me. Such a kiss, I feel it yet burning on my forehead.

I was *not* angry. I will not tell a falsehood, I was *glad*; but just then Abby Adair's laugh came ringing up the gallery stairs, and I wrenched myself away from him. In a moment she was with us, and half a dozen more followed, and we were not alone again that day. How many mistakes I made in my music, with the memory of that kiss driving every other thought from my mind, I am afraid to tell.

That evening I watched and waited for Andrew at home. I felt sure he would come—sure that he would speak at last; but though I listened all the evening I did not hear his step upon the path. At last I went to bed, feeling sad and disappointed, and forgetting all about the little note until I was fairly undressed. Then I looked in the pocket of the dress I had taken off for it. It was not there.

It was such a singular thing that it should be gone that I suddenly became interested. I wrapped myself in a shawl and went all over the house with a candle, but in vain. *How* I had lost the note I could not guess, but it was lost undoubtedly. And somehow the loss began to trouble me, unimportant as I believed the epistle must be.

Well, my trouble began that night. Andrew Hudson never came near the house, and when Saturday afternoon came I went to the church to practice, feeling sure I should hear he was ill; but there he sat at the organ, and never so much as looked at me when I came in. When he had occasion to speak to me it was in an altered voice, and there were great rings about his dark eyes which made them look hollow.

"What could it all mean, was he ill or angry with me?" I longed to ask him.

But he gave me no opportunity. As soon as the hour was over he hastened away, saying something about "an engagement."

I looked over the balustrade after him and saw him descending the stairs very slowly, with a spiritless, weary look upon his face that brought hot tears to my eyes.

Why did he look so? He had been happy and bright-eyed and eager when we last met. Why did he neither look at nor speak to me? He had kissed me then.

I asked these questions of myself a thousand times, but found no answer. He never gave me one. Week after week passed and he did not come near our house. Time after time I sang in the choir and he never even spoke to me; and the troubled look was ever on his face, and he had grown older in this short space of time.

At last I could bear it no more.

To love him so and be so utterly separated from him, even while I could have touched him with my hand. To feel to my heart's core the coldness of his look and tone when he was forced to speak to me. Oh, my heart was rung in those days!

It ached as young hearts only can ache, and the worst was, it was a grief I could share with no one. So, finding there was no explanation coming, I left the choir. I had a cold, and my voice was weak. There was a real reason to give, and I gave it. And Emily Otis took my place, and I sat on the Sabbath between grandpa and grandma in the old church below. I could hear him there, but I need not see him.

I think grandma guessed something was wrong. But she thought me such a child that she could hardly think of any serious wooing for me yet.

A week after I had left the choir the organ was dumb again. Andrew Hudson's engagement had expired and he refused to renew it.

He left New Rochelle without even bidding me good-by. I never knew how much hope was left in my heart until I heard that he was gone.

That day I staid in my own room. And ill enough I really was, Heaven knows.

There's no ail of the body like that of the heart. Though grandma's pills and potions I flung out of the window by stealth into the flower-beds.

The next day I dressed myself and went down to breakfast. As I stood before the glass I said to myself: "Sophy Norroway, the time has come when you must play the woman. The only man you have ever loved or ever can love has no love for you, that is certain; and though you were not to blame at first, for he gave you cause to think he was fond of you, you would be to blame now to keep that love in your heart. Crush it, or, if you can't crush it, hide it. Look as well and be as merry as you can, and let nobody have cause to point at you and say, Sophy Norroway was disappointed in love, and that is why she never married, when you are the lonely old maid you must live to be." For, you see, I had no thought of liking any one else. I knew that could never happen.

Well, I fought with myself after that. I battled down the tears. I forced myself to pay visits and to have my friends about me. I would not cry even when alone. But do all I would there was the heart-ache still. The fox gnawing at my bosom, though I kept the mantle over it. Sometimes I think it is almost a pity that a woman should ever love. For we can be sure of nothing in this earth, and life is worthless to one of us if the man she loves dies or forsakes her. A man can love twenty women. But a woman never truly loves more than one man. I used to wish often and often that I had never met Andrew Hudson.

Fighting down the love it was wrong now to cherish, and trying to do my duty, and, I humbly hope, doing it in some measure, I lived through the long years. At the end of the tenth grandpa died, and grandma followed him in a few months.

"I couldn't live without him," she said. "You see we'd been together fifty years, husband and I." And those were the last words I ever heard her speak; for an hour after she died, with her cheek lying softly in her hand like that of a sleeping babe.

I could not grieve for them—it seemed so selfish. But I was all alone in the world. I lived alone in the old house but for my one servant, and sat alone in the pew with grandpa's name upon the back, where it had been for fifty years. I heard the new organist—a lady—play, and the choir sing, and thought, despite myself, of the hands which had once touched the keys.

There were many changes in the church. Old Mr. Danbury had been gathered to his fathers. The girls who had sung with me were mostly married, as I might have been had I chosen; but I would give no man a heart with another's name graven on it, and had said "No" to more than one who would have made my lonely life pleasanter. I was nearly thirty, and the young folks called me an "old maid."

I knew, but I was well content, for none had ever found my secret out.

My thirtieth birthday fell on the first Sunday of October. It was eleven years since the first Sabbath Andrew Hudson had played upon that organ to which I listened dreamily as Miss Phillips played (as she styled it) the people in—a strain he had been fond of; and as I listened the old memories swept over me thick and fast. I bent my head upon the front of my pew, and prayed that God might bless the man I loved wherever he might be; for, after all those years, and my long battle with myself, there was no change in my love.

When I lifted my head a stranger was passing up the aisle. A man of forty, with an olive skin and Spanish eyes—with crisp black hair flecked with silver, and falling from the crown—tall, finely formed, but walking with a slight limp—Andrew Hudson, ten years older than when I had last seen him, but Andrew Hudson yet.

I never hoped to look upon him again with living eyes. I feasted them now. I was not quite sure I could live through that hour. The suppressed agitation seemed to be killing me; yet the very sight of him was a joy. He sat above me in the side-aisle, and could not see me without turning his head.

Even then, with my mourning veil down, he might not know me, and I could hardly be the same at thirty I was at eighteen.

I looked and looked, great tears welling into my eyes. I was not conscious of any thing going on about me. I only knew I saw Andrew.

Suddenly there was the sound of a crash—a rumbling shaking of the church and screams from female voice. The whole congregation started to their feet at once and pushed doorward, the old clerk trying his best to stop them.

"If there's any danger at all," he made them hear at last, "it's just by the door. The floor has given way. I've said it would these twenty years."

At that the crowd huddled back and found themselves at a stand-still.

Just then a hand touched my shoulder. A voice said:

"Do not be alarmed. The church will not tumble about our ears yet. The only danger is a rush over the weak spot of the floor."

It was Andrew's voice, and I did not dare to look at him.

I stood quite still. Some of the bolder souls had leaped the chasm; others had clambered through the windows. The ladies were being handed over by means of an extemporaneous bridge, and the place was almost empty.

The new clergyman had come down from the pulpit, and stood, with his wife on his arm, very near us. The clerk and Deacon Blauvelt peered into the aperture.

"The beams have been dry-rotting a long while," said the latter. "One of 'em is in two, and the other— I say, there's a letter!"

He interrupted himself by kneeling down and thrusting his arm into the chasm. There, on the ledge formed by the cellar wall, rested a letter—dirty, cobweb-covered, but with the seal unbroken.

"'Miss—Sophy—Norroway,'" he read, slowly. "Why, Sophy, that's *yours!*"

I saw Andrew Hudson start violently and turn his eyes upon me with a new look in them, and I stretched out my hand. How it trembled!

"An old letter," I said. "I lost one before I read it ten years ago. It must have slipped through that crack in the floor we all know of." And I spoke calmly, though my heart was beating so that I could hear it.

I crossed the bridge with a laugh the next moment, chatted a while with the clergyman's wife, and betook myself home. Half-way I heard a step following me—a step I knew so well. I tried to go on and could not. I paused. He gained upon me. The soft brown hand, with its rounded finger-tips, caught mine.

"Miss Norroway—Sophy," he almost gasped. "Stop—listen to me—I beseech you. Sit down—*here*, under these maples, and read that note—read and answer it; not as it asks you, but with a word—a smile—a look. Life seems within my grasp once more!"

He sank upon the grass under the maples, and drew me down beside him.

In a sort of dream I broke the seal and glanced over the first words of the page before me. It bore the date of eleven years before, and read thus:

"DEAR SOPHY—"

I tried to read on, but the letters danced before my eyes. I glanced at the signature and saw his name. The letter fluttered into my lap.

"Sophy," he pleaded, "read *all*, and answer me."

But there was no need. The truth had flashed upon me. The lost letter had been from him, asking me to be his wife, and he had taken silence for rejection of his suit. Oh the ten long years of hidden sorrow—years that had changed me from a girl to a woman, that had sprinkled silver in his ebon lock! What bitter payment for one careless act! He drew closer to me.

My eyes met his, my hand was stretched toward him. "Oh, Andrew!" I cried.

"You never could have been so dear to me had you not loved me all the while."

And the next moment I was clasped to his breast, and our lips met in their first kiss.

Have I told you enough? I will not sadden the story now by going back into those weary years of separation—I will not weary you with the chain of events which brought him on that day to New Rochelle and to the church porch. But I will tell you how, on one sunny morn, Queen Anne's bells in that old church steeple rang a wedding chime, and so end my story with the hour that made me Andrew's wife.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

THE WRONG BUNDLE.—Pumpkins popped in to pay his rent, putting on a long face to correspond with the occasion. On entering the house, he said that the times were so hard that he couldn't raise the money; and, dashing down a bundle of notes on the table, exclaimed, "There! that's all I can pay." The money was taken up and counted by the landlord, who said, "Why this is twice as much as you owe me." "Dang it, give it to me again!" said the farmer; "I'm dashed if I didn't take the wrong bundle out of my pocket!"

PERSIAN WOMEN'S SCIENTIFIC DIVISION OF MEN.—The "Seven Wise Women of Persia," who by royal edict prepared a code of laws governing domestic matters in that realm, lay it down as a fact that "there are three kinds of men: 1. A proper man; 2. Half a man; 3. A hupnlhupla. A proper man always gives his wife whatever she wants; your half man is a poor sniveling wretch, who gives his wife but little; and your hupulhupla is a despicable, jealous creature, who gives his wife nothing, but makes her do her own work, and is so suspicious that, if she stays away all day, he is sure to ask her where she has been."

SHOCKING DEPRAVITY.—A young ox was observed the other day, in the neighborhood of the Cattle Market, playing at pitch and toss in the open streets. Such is the progress of civilization!

"I'm not so strong as I used to be," as the onion remarked after it was boiled.

Why is the British Government like a lawyer?—Because it's *not a Republic* (notary public).

A GRAVE-DIGGERS' STRIKE.—The *Courrier de Saône et Loire* says: "Sepulchral news reaches us from Autun. The grave-diggers have struck! The people of Autun must not, therefore, die, unless they wish their bodies to remain unburied. We see no other way of opposing the pretensions of men who live by other people's deaths."

JOHN G. SAXE has put forth the following epigram:

"Saratoga and Newport—you've seen 'em,"
Said Charley, one morning, to Joe;
Pray tell me the difference between 'em,
For bother my wig if I know."
Quoth Joe, "'Tis the easiest matter
At once to distinguish the two;
At one, you go into the water,
At the other, it goes into you."

ART NOTE.—We have been favored with a private view of a picture of despair. Without minutely criticising the details, we may observe that the banking account is considerably overdrawn, and that the money displays a sad want of keeping.

LINES TO A YOUNG LADY OF FASHION.

I love thee for thy *chignon*, for the boss of purchased hair
Which thou hast on thine occiput the charming taste to wear.
Oh, what a grace that ornament unto thy poll doth lend,
Wound on what seems a curtain-rod with knobs at either end!

I love thee for the roses, purchased too, thy cheeks that deck,
The lilies likewise that adorn thy pearly-powdered neck,
And all that sweet "*illusion*" that, o'er thy features spread,
Improves the poor reality of Nature's white and red.

I love thee for the muslin and the gauze about thee bound,
Like endive that in salad doth a lobster's tail surround;
And oh! I love thee for the boots thine ankles that protect,
So proper to the manly style young ladies now affect.

I love thee for thy figure not; there may, for aught I see,
The clothes-frame of a draper's shop inside all that dress be.
I do not love thee for thy face, do but thy surface know,
The picture 'tis I value, not the canvas hid below.

I love thee for thine emptiness, thy vanity, and pride;
But oh! too lovely, far too dear, art thou to be my bride.
So dear a wife as thou wouldst prove, to marry thee, alas!
How very rich I ought to be, and should be—what an ass!

TWOFOLD ILLUSTRATIONS.—Sir Fletcher Norton was noted for his want of courtesy. When pleading before Lord Mansfield, on some question of manorial right, he chanced unfortunately to say: "I can illustrate the point in an instant in my own person; I myself have two little manors." The judge immediately interposed, with one of his blandest smiles, "We all know it, Sir Fletcher."

FUDDLED RATS.—A servant-girl in that uncertain region known as "Out West" recently tried whisky to kill rats. She made it sweet with sugar crumbled in bread, and set the dish in the cellar. A few hours after she went down and found several rats gloriously "fuddled," engaged in throwing potato parings and hauling one another up to drink. These were easily disposed of; those not killed left the premises immediately, undoubtedly suffering with a severe headache.

CHRONOLOGY OF ENGLAND'S CROWN.

Two Williams, Henry, Stephen, Henry, Dick,
John, Hal, three Edwards, Richard, three Hals quick
Two Edwards, Dick, two Harrys, and a Ned,
Mary, Bess, James, and Charles, who lost his head,
Charles, James, Will, Anne, four Georges, and a Will,
And Queen Victoria, who is reigning still.

The following is the verdict of a negro jury: "We, the undersigned, being a korner's juray to sit on de body of de nigger Sambo, now dead and gone afore us, hab been sittin' on de said nigger aforesaid, and he did on de night ob de fusteenth of November, come to def by fallin' from de bridge ober de riber in de said riber, whar we find he was subsequentialy drown, and a'terwards washed on de riber side, whar we s'pose he was froze to def."

APROPOS DE L'AFRICAINE.—Why does *Selica* remind you of a doorway?—Because she is an egress.

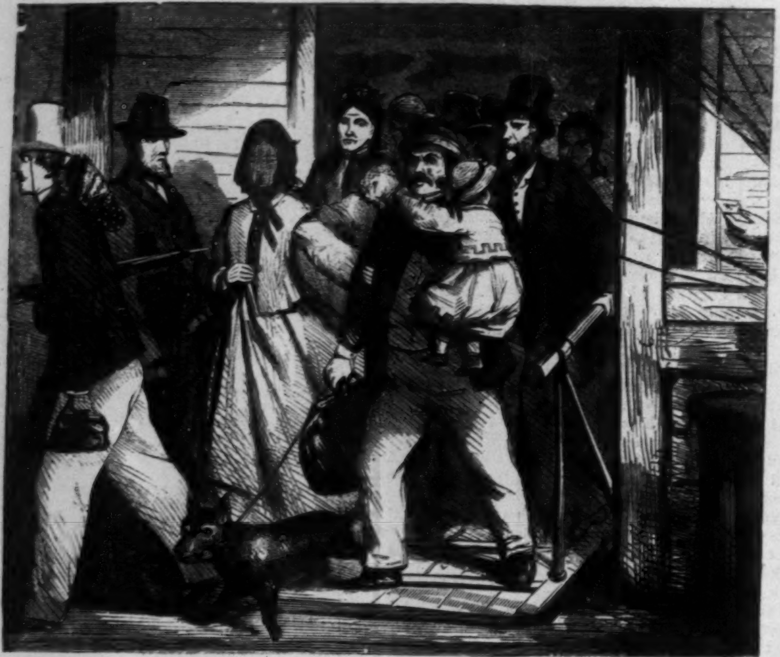
AN ERROR.—"Off she goes!" said Mr. Smith to his spouse, as they started by the railway from London bridge. "You are wrong, said Mrs. Smith, "for this is the 'mail' train."

A countryman once brought a piece of board to an artist, with the request that he would paint upon it St. Christopher as large as life. "But," returned the artist, "that board is much too small for that purpose." The countryman looked perplexed at this unexpected discovery. "That's a bad job," said he; "but, look'ee, Sir, ye can let his feet hang down over the edge."

The reason why those astute people the French call a chorus a *refrain* is that it is generally better left out.

A BAD DRAWING.

MEDICAL PUPIL. "Do you feel any better now? I've got it almost half out?"



ARRIVING.

MUSIC ON

THE S

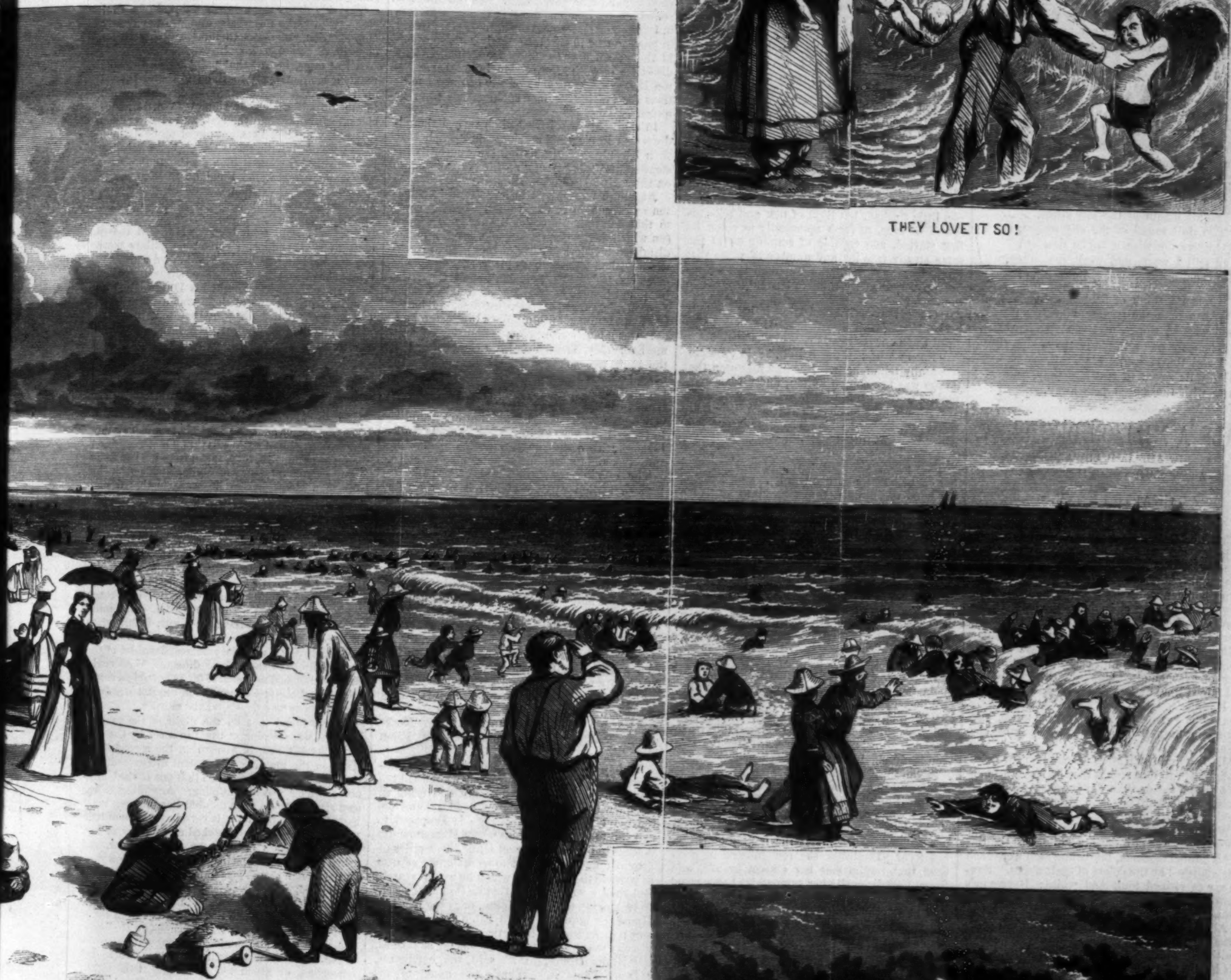
MONTAGUE AND CAPULET.

EVENING IN E PAR

OUR WATERING-PLACES—VIEWS AT G BR

ON E LAWN.

THEY LOVE IT SO!



A SIDE.

E PARLOR.

ROMEO AND JULIET.

G BRANCH.—[Drawn by Thomas Nast.]

JULY.

BY AMELIA B. EDWARDS.

THE heavy twilight closes round;
The church clocks their old tale repeat;
Dulled is the hoarse, unresting sound
Of traffic in the sultry street;
Languid the ebbing tide of feet;
Languid the leaves of the one tree
from my attic window see.

A poor, unlovely, stunted thing,
With crippled stem and scanty leaves;
And yet it tells me tales of spring,
And legends of the summer eves.
Alas! the autumn wind bereaves
My life of its one grace, what day
It rends the last dead leaf away.

For weary hands and eyes are free
To steal a moment's rest at times;
And when I turn to yonder tree
I dream of sunny, southern climes,
And weave my fancies into rhymes
That rise and fall, like summer seas,
As bend those branches to the breeze.

Then dreaming, I once more behold
The little home where I was born,
The purple heath, the rippling gold
Of hill-sides rich with July corn;
And then, ah me! I wake forlorn
To want and work; and all I see
Are roofs, and spires, and my one tree!

The toilsome wheels, the restless feet,
The murmur in the stagnant air,
The dull length of the city street,
The dull round of the city square,
Oppress me with a vague despair;
And still I weep, and work, and weep,
Sleep, half-awake—wake, half-asleep!

But when I think of fields and lanes
Warm with the perfumes of July;
And wooded slopes, and waving plains—
Then, for one glimpse of God's blue sky
I feel that I would gladly die—
Gladly lie down to rest and pray,
And with the sunset pass away.

HALF A MILLION OF MONEY.

BY AMELIA B. EDWARDS,
Author of "BARBARA'S HISTORY," &c.

CHAPTER XXXV.

BRAVO ANTINOUS!

THE two Pulteneys staid out, the one to act as judge, the other as time-keeper; and the time-keeper was to give the starting signal by firing a pistol.

In the mean while the eight competitors were ranged side by side, close under the ladies' platform, with the sleeves of their jerseys rolled up above the elbows, their arms drawn close to their bodies, and their clenched fists pressed against their chests—all lithe and eager-looking, like a pack of greyhounds. Of these, the two tallest and fairest were Saxon Trefalden and Sir Charles Burgoyne. Sir Charles was the handsomer man; but Saxon was a shade the taller, and something more than a shade broader across the shoulders.

Well might Miss Hatherton call him the golden-haired Antinous; only that he was Antinous on a grander scale than the famous Antinous of the Capitol—Antinous with Herculean possibilities of strength and speed.

With the exception of Lord Castletowers, whose jersey was of a creamy white, just the tint of his flannel trowsers, the young men were each distinguished by the colors of their shirts. Saxon's was striped pink and white; Burgoyne's light blue and white; Vaughan's mauve and white; and so on.

All was ready. The course was clear; the spectators silent; the competitors drawn up, and waiting. Suddenly the time-keeper threw up his hand and fired in the air. At the same instant, as if shot from his pistol, the eight runners sprang forward, and the race began.

They had no sooner started than Saxon took the lead, running lightly and steadily, with his head well up, and his curls dancing in the sun. He was obviously putting but little labor into his running, and yet, at the first three or four bounds, he had gained a good ten feet on his companions. Next in order came Castletowers, Vaughan, and Burgoyne, almost level with each other; and close after them, Edward Brandon, whose slightness of make and length of limb enabled him to run tolerably well for a short distance; but whose want of real physique invariably knocked him up at the end of the first three hundred yards. Torrington, Greville, and Pelham Hay brought up the rear. In this order they ran the first round. At the second turn, however, just as they neared the ladies' platform, Castletowers made a rush to the front, and passed Saxon by some three or four feet. At the same instant Vaughan and Burgoyne perceptibly increased their pace, widening the space between themselves and the four last at every stride.

And now Brandon, who had for some seconds begun to show symptoms of distress, came suddenly to a stand-still; and, being passed by those in the rear, fell, pale and panting, to the earth.

In the mean while Saxon had in nowise quickened his pace or attempted to regain his lead; but kept on at precisely the same rate throughout the whole of the second round. Just as they were beginning the third, however, and at the very point where Castletowers had made his rush, Saxon, without any apparent effort, bounded ahead, and again left his friend some three yards behind.

Torrington, Greville, and Hay now dropped out of the ranks, one by one, and gave up the contest; leaving only Saxon and Castletowers, Vaughan and Burgoyne on the ground. Presently the two latter came into collision, and went down as if they had been shot, but were on their feet again in the twinkling of an eye and flying on as before.

At the fourth round Castletowers brought himself up abreast with Saxon. At the fifth Burgoyne gave in, and Vaughan flagged obviously; but Castletowers again dashed forward, and again secured the lead.

A subdued murmur, that broke now and then into a cheer, ran round the course. Every eye was riveted upon the runners. Every head turned as they turned, and was outstretched to follow them. The ladies rose on the platform and watched them through their glasses. There were only three now—a white shirt, a pink shirt, and a mauve; but white and pink divided the suffrages of the lookers-on, and nobody cared a straw for mauve.

Again the circuit was nearly completed, and they were approaching the stand. The next round would be the sixth and last. The interest of the moment became intense. The murmur swelled again, and became a shout—hats were waved, handkerchiefs fluttered—even Lady Castletowers leaned forward with a glow of real excitement on her face.

On they came—the Earl first, in his white jersey, pale as marble, breathing in short heavy gasps, lips quivering, brows closely knitted, keeping up his lead gallantly, but keeping it by dint of sheer pluck and nervous energy. Saxon next—a little flushed, but light of foot and self-possessed as ever, as fresh apparently as when he first started, and capable of running on at the same steady rate for any number of miles that might be set before him. Vaughan last—coming up very heavily, and full twenty yards in the rear.

"Good Heavens!" cried Miss Hatherton, half beside herself with impatience, "how *can* he let Lord Castletowers keep the lead?"

"Because he can not help it," said Olimpia, scornfully triumphant. She had forgotten that Saxon was her chosen knight, and all her sympathies were with the Earl.

"Absurd! he has but to put out a little more speed and he *must* win. The Earl is nearly—There! there! did I not tell you so? Bravo Antinous!"

They passed the platform; and as they passed Saxon looked up with an ardent smile, waved his hand to Olimpia, threw up his head like a young war-horse, bounded forward as if the wings were really on his feet, and passed the Earl as easily as a man on horseback passes a man on foot. Till this moment the race, earnest enough for the rest, had been mere play to him. Till this moment he had not attempted to "put out his speed," or show what he could do. Now he flashed past the astonished spectators like a meteor. His feet seemed scarcely to touch the turf, his body seemed as if borne upon the air. A great roar of admiration burst from the crowd; and in the midst of the roar, before Lord Castletowers had got over a third of the distance, Saxon had made the sixth round, and passed the winning post by several feet.

"Won by a hundred and eighty yards," said Pulteney, time-keeper. "Last round thirty-one seconds and a half. By Jove, Sir, though I've seen it myself, I can scarcely believe it!"

Saxon laughed, joyously.

"I could have done it almost as easily," said he, "if it had been up hill all the way."

And what did Olimpia Colonna say to her chosen knight, when he received the prize from her hands, only to lay it the next moment at her feet? Doubtless she remembered in good time that Saxon *was* her chosen knight, and forgot how disloyally her sympathies had strayed from him in the race. Doubtless her greeting had in it something poisonously sweet, subtle, intoxicating—to judge, at least, by the light in his face, as he bowed and turned away.

CHAPTER XXXVI.

ELTON HOUSE, KENSINGTON.

MR. ABEL KECKWITCH, with William Trefalden's private address in his pocket-book, felt much as Adrian the Fourth may have felt with haughty Barbarossa prostrate at his feet. He took it for granted that there was some dark secret at the bottom of his master's daily life. He knew quite well that a practical man like William Trefalden would never take the trouble to surround himself with mystery unless he had something to hide, and to that something Abel Keckwitch believed he now possessed the key. It never occurred to him that William Trefalden might possibly object to letting such loquacious stones as copying clerks prate of his whereabouts for other than criminal reasons. If such an idea had been suggested to him he would have laughed it to scorn. So, to do him justice, would Mr. Kidd. Both the detective and the lawyer's clerk were too familiar with the dark side of human nature to believe for a moment that systematic mystery meant any thing less than undiscovered crime.

So Abel Keckwitch took his master's address home with him, fairly written out in Mr. Nicodemus Kidd's clear business hand, and exulted therein. He was in no haste to act upon the information folded up in that little slip of paper. It was not in his nature to be in haste about any thing, least of all about so sweet a dish as revenge. It must be prepared slowly, tasted a morsel at a time, and made to last as long as possible. Above all, it must be carefully considered beforehand from every point of view, and be spoiled by no blunder at starting. So he copied the address into his commonplace book, committed it to memory, pondered over it, gloated over it, and fed his imagination on it for days before he proceeded to take any fresh steps in the matter.

"ELTON HOUSE, KENSINGTON."

Such was the address given to him by Mr. Nicodemus Kidd. "Elton House, Kensington;" not a word more—not a word less. It was an address that told nothing—suggested nothing. "Elton Villa" would have bespoken a neat, stuccoed anachronism in the Græco-Gothic style; "Elton Lodge," a prim modern residence, with gardens, gates, and a carriage-drive; "Elton Cottage," an unassuming little place, shrinking back from the high-road, in a screen of lilacs and laburnums; but "Elton House" represented none of these to the mind's eye. "Elton House" might be ancient or modern, large or small, a cockney palace or a relic of the old court days. There was nothing in its name to assist conjecture in any way. Thus again, the very suburb was perplexing. Of all districts round about London there is none so diverse in its characteristics as Kensington—none so old in part, so new in part; so stately here, so squalid there; so of the country countrified in one direction, so of the town towny in another. Elton House might partake of any of these conditions for aught that one could gather from its name.

In short, Mr. Abel Keckwitch turned the address over in his mind much as some people turn their letters over, stimulating their curiosity instead of gratifying it, and spelling out the motto on the seal instead of breaking it.

At length he resolved to go over to Kensington and reconnoitre the ground. Having come to this determination one Saturday afternoon (on which day, when practicable, Mr. Trefalden dismissed his clerks at five o'clock), Abel Keckwitch pushed forward with his work; closed the office precisely as St. Dunstan's clock was striking; and instead of trudging as usual direct to Pentonville, turned his face westward, and hailed the first Hammersmith omnibus that came by.

It was a lovely afternoon; warm, sunny, summerlike. Mr. Trefalden's head clerk knew that the park trees were in all the beauty of their early leafage, and that the air beyond Charing Cross would be delicious; and he was sorely tempted to take a seat on the roof. But prudence prevailed. To risk observation would be to imperil the very end for which he was working; so, with a sigh, he gave up the air and the sunshine, and took an inside place next the door.

The omnibus soon filled, and, once closely packed, rattled merrily on till it drew up for the customary five minutes' rest at the White Horse Cellar. Then, of course, came the well-known news-vender with the evening papers; and the traditionary old lady who has always been waiting for the last three quarters of an hour; and the conductor's vain appeal to the gallantry of gentlemen who will *not* go outside to oblige a lady—would prefer, in fact, to see a dozen ladies boiled first.

This interlude played out, the omnibus rattled on again to the corner of Sloane Street, where several passengers alighted; and thence proceeded at a sober, leisurely rate along the Kensington Road, with the green, broad park lying all along to the right, and row after row of stately terraces to the left.

"Put me down, conductor," said Mr. Keckwitch, "at the first turning beyond Elton House."

He had weighed every word of this apparently simple sentence, and purposely waited till the omnibus was less crowded before delivering it. He knew that the Kensington Road, taken from the point where Knightsbridge is supposed to end, up to that other point where Hammersmith is supposed to begin, covers a fair three miles of ground; and he wanted to be set down as near as possible to the spot of which he was in search. But then it was essential that he should not seem to be looking for Elton House, or going to Elton House, or inquiring about Elton House in any way; so he worded his little speech with an ingenuity that was quite masterly as far as it went.

"Elton House, Sir?" said the conductor. "Don't know it. What's the name of the Street?"

Mr. Keckwitch took a letter from his pocket, and affected to look for the address.

"Ah!" he replied, refolding it with a disappointed air, "that I can not tell you. My directions only say, 'the first turning beyond Elton House.' I am a stranger to this part of London myself."

The conductor scratched his ear, looked puzzled, and applied to the driver.

"'Arry," said he. "Know Elton House?"

"Elton House?" repeated the driver. "Can't say I do."

"I think I have heard the name," observed a young man on the box.

"I'm sure I've seen it somewhere," said another on the roof.

And this was all the information to be had on the subject.

Mr. Keckwitch's ingenious artifice had failed. Elton House was evidently not to be found without inquiry—therefore inquiry must be made. It was annoying, but there was no help for it. Just as he had made up his mind to this alternative the omnibus reached Kensington gate, and the conductor put the same question to the toll-taker that he had put to the driver.

"Davy—know Elton House?"

The toll-taker—a shaggy fellow, with a fur cap on his head and a straw in his mouth—pointed with his thumb over his shoulder, and replied,

"Somewhere down by Slade's Lane, beyond the westry."

On hearing which Mr. Keckwitch's countenance brightened, and he requested to be set down at Slade's Lane, wherever that might be.

Slade's Lane proved to be a narrow, winding, irregular by-street, leading out from the high-road, and opening at the farther end upon fields and market gardens. There were houses on only one side; and on the other high walls, with tree-tops peeping over, and here and there a side door.

The dwellings in Slade's Lane were of different degrees of smallness; scarcely two of the same height; and all approached by little slips of front garden, more or less cultivated. There were lodgings to let, evidences of humble trades, and children playing about the gardens and door-steps of most of them. Altogether, a more unlikely spot for William Trefalden to reside in could scarcely have been selected.

Having alighted from the omnibus at the top of this street, Mr. Keckwitch, after a hurried glance to left and right, chose the wall side and walked very composedly along, taking rapid note of each door that he passed, but looking as stolid and unobservant as possible.

The side doors were mostly painted of a dull green, with white numerals, and were evidently mere garden entrances to houses facing in an opposite direction.

All at once, just at that point where the lane made a sudden bend to the right and turned off toward the market gardens, Mr. Keckwitch found himself under the shadow of a wall considerably higher than the rest, and close against a gateway flanked by a couple of stone pillars. This gate occupied exactly the corner where the road turned, so that it blunted the angle, as it were, and commanded the lane in both directions. It was a wooden gate—old, ponderous, and studded with iron bosses, just wide enough, apparently, for a carriage to drive through, and many feet higher than it was wide. In it was a small wicket door. The stone pillars were time-stained and battered, and looked as if they might have stood there since the days when William of Orange brought his Dutch court to Kensington. In one of them was a plain brass bell-handle. On both were painted, in faded and half illegible letters, the words, "Elton House."

CONSTANCE KENT.

FIVE years ago the English public was startled from its usual quiet by a murder which appeared to be as mysterious as it was horrible. A young boy of four years old—FRANCIS SAVILLE KENT—was on the night of June 29, 1860, taken from his bed some distance down passages of stairs, and across the yard to a closet, where he was smothered and stabbed, and discovered the next morning wrapped in a blanket belonging to his bed. This occurred at Road-hill House, Wiltshire, near Frome. Road-hill House was at that time inhabited by MR. KENT, who held the office of factory inspector. Including three servants, his family consisted of twelve persons. He had been married twice, and, besides his wife and her three children, there were in the house three daughters and a son by a former wife. The murdered child, FRANCIS SAVILLE KENT, belonged to the second family, and was four years old. CONSTANCE EMILIE KENT, the youngest daughter of the first family, was then about fifteen. Who could have possibly had any motive for so horrible a crime was beyond comprehension. An inquest was held over the body two days after the murder.

It was found that on the night of the murder FRANCIS was sleeping as usual in a cot by the side of his nurse's bed, in a room on the second-floor. Early in the morning the servant discovered that he had been taken away, and that one of the blankets of his cot was also missing. According to her own statement she thought that her mistress must have fetched him, and it is certain that about half past seven o'clock she knocked at the door of Mr. and Mrs. KENT's bedroom on the first-floor, and asked for the child. He was not there, however, and, although search was immediately made, it was some time before his dead body, wrapped in a blanket taken from the cot, was found in the privy opening from the garden. The throat was cut from ear to ear; there were two or three wounds on the body, and there were also marks of strangulation on the throat. There was nothing to show where the strangling, or attempted strangling, took place; but the wounds had obviously been inflicted in the privy, because a large quantity of blood was found there, and nowhere else. As one of the windows of the drawing-room on the ground-floor was open when the loss of the child was discovered, it was at first supposed that some one might have entered from without, and so have committed the crime. But evidently the murder must have been committed by some one intimately acquainted with the house, else how could the murderer have found the way in the dark down the passages and through the yard to the outhouse? Besides, there was a fierce watch-dog in the yard, which would have given the alarm on the approach of a stranger. It was generally agreed that a girl or woman must have been concerned in the affair, because after the blanket in which the child's body was wrapped had been taken from between the sheet and counterpane, the latter had been folded down with a neatness and care that a man was unlikely to exhibit. The nurse-maid, out of whose room deceased was abstracted; the house-maid, who examined the drawing-room fastenings the night before the murder, and found them undone; and the persons who discovered the dead body in the shed, were examined; but no facts throwing any fresh light upon the murder were elicited, and the barbarous affair still remained in inexplicable obscurity. After a five hours' inquiry the jury returned a verdict of "Willful murder against some person or persons unknown."

At this stage the inquiry was placed in the hands of Inspector WHICHER, of the London detective force, and a reward of two hundred pounds was of-

fered for the detection of the murderer. No evidence was discovered throwing any suspicion on the house-maid or nurse-maid, and the latter, ELIZABETH GOUGH, who had been arrested, was released. Those who held that GOUGH was concerned in the murder made her an accomplice with Mr. KENT. They supposed that a criminal intercourse existed between these two persons; that they had been disturbed by the cries of the child; that they had accidentally smothered it while simply trying to stifle the noise; and that they, or one of them, had afterward inflicted the wounds in order to throw the suspicion upon some one out of the house. But although ELIZABETH GOUGH was taken before the magistrates, only one atom of evidence which affected her in the slightest degree could be produced. It was said that a piece of flannel found with the child exactly fitted the nurse's chest, and that it bore marks leading to the conclusion that it belonged to her. But, even assuming that this was so, the presence of the flannel near the body of the child by no means proved that it had been carried there by its owner. As for the cardinal point of this theory—the alleged intimacy between the nurse and Mr. KENT, it rested from first to last upon mere supposition, without any substance of fact.

In Inspector WHICHER'S hands this mysterious murder entered upon a fearful and somewhat unexpected phase. Suspicion was now directed against CONSTANCE KENT, the half-sister of the murdered child. She was officially charged with the crime. The amount of direct proof was, however, so slight, that the charge was immediately dismissed. Still, what legal evidence there was tended more to inculpate the sister than the nurse. It was proved that she had surreptitiously abstracted her night-gown worn on the night of the murder from the weekly bundle of linen prepared for the laundress. And some amount of motive was suggested. The girl CONSTANCE, then only a child of sixteen, was known to be jealous of the children of the second marriage; and on one occasion—in resent for some domestic slight, real or fancied—she had run away from home disguised in boy's clothes, and in company with a younger brother. Other wild rumors, founded chiefly on the usual loose village scandal, scarcely presented sufficient solidity to divert legal attention from the nurse and sister; but, curiously, the general balance of unskilled and public suspicion was rather against the father, while, as regarded CONSTANCE KENT—although the detectives made from the first little secret of their strong suspicions, amounting almost to certainty, against her—it pleased the general sentiment, in spite of the only evidence which existed, entirely to exonerate this interesting young lady. One so young and so fair, and who had so well stood the painful position first of a witness in the charge against the nurse, and then of a principal in her own case, could not possibly be guilty.

The interest in the investigation was about this time diversified by the self-accusation of a drunken fellow. But after his depositions had been taken the self-accuser began to seek for, and really succeeded in establishing an *alibi*. But this diversion was, of course, only momentary; and it remained pretty certain that either CONSTANCE or her father committed the murder. Throughout the investigation one feature is prominent—an evident desire on the part of the legal and judicial authorities not to push the matter as against CONSTANCE. No pains were taken to find the missing night-dress; and although Inspector WHICHER wrote out a lengthy paper proving quite conclusively that CONSTANCE must have done the deed, yet no allusion was made to this document, which is indeed now for the first time made public. Much of the sympathy for the girl rested upon a belief that, if she had committed the crime at all, she had been goaded on to it by unkindness and oppressive treatment at home—a belief which is now discredited by CONSTANCE'S own denial. The most important witnesses in the case—some of CONSTANCE'S school-companions—who might have disclosed the extent of her feeling against her half-brother and the threats which they had heard her utter, were very partial in their testimony, telling not one half of what they knew. The father himself, without any doubt, was convinced of his daughter's guilt; but notwithstanding the fact that suspicion rested with great weight, though unjustly, against himself, he preferred to sacrifice his own reputation rather than take any step to secure the conviction of his daughter. He doubtless was instrumental in hiding the material evidences of her guilt. CONSTANCE herself protested to her own innocence, although she knew that her guilt was attributed to her father. In the examination of ELIZABETH GOUGH, and in her own examination, she exhibited a wonderful self-possession. Serene and calm, she stood amidst the wreck of the happiness of all belonging to her. She went through the terrible ordeal of her own accusation, and what ought to have been the more piercing pangs of a false charge against another, without wincing; and, worst of all, she allowed the clouds of obloquy and suspicion to gather and thicken around her father till he became a by-word and a loathed object of all but general suspicion. She permitted him to fall into contempt, and perhaps ruin; but she made no sign. She was the poor victim of circumstances; she attracted love and sympathy, and the religious care of strangers. All this, which one would have thought might have stirred the heart of the coarsest and vilest profligate, she, the simple maiden of sixteen years, permitted to be. It is scarcely too much to say that she would have been callously unmoved had ELIZABETH GOUGH or her own father died on the gallows. What she was on the morning of the murder she continued to be for five long years. With an iron will, and iron nerves, and an iron wrist, she lifted her own brother from the happy sleep of innocence—the brother whom she had fondled and played with a few hours before—and almost hacked his head off. Having disposed of her victim, and of every vestige of her crime, she calmly retired to bed, and stood the next morning among the horrified household with just that happy simulation of unconscious terror and pity which looked so natural. The line taken at that dreadful hour has been persistently and consistently maintained. Having succeeded so completely at the first start, she was not going to spoil her success by betraying the very slightest trace of human sympathy or remorse. We could almost believe that CONSTANCE KENT had studied DE QUINCY'S grim jest when he treated murder as one of the fine arts; for her crime may be set down as the very triumph and model of murders. That a little infant should be murdered at all, still more that it should be murdered by its sister, still more that that sister should be herself all that was young, pure, innocent, and engaging, is a monstrous solecism in nature and mind; but that the murderess should so long and so faithfully keep her own counsel, and exhibit nothing of the eating ulcer which, as the world says, must have been at work on her soul, is what will make the name of CONSTANCE KENT infamous to all time.

On the 10th of August, 1863, CONSTANCE KENT, a friendless girl, came to St. Mary's Hospital in Queen's Square, Brighton. Here she came under the care of Miss GREAM and Father WAGNER. In the course of their spiritual conversations with her they made her confess her crime. "I had her up," says Miss GREAM, "first of all to speak to her on religious subjects, and something in the conversation made her tell me that she carried the child down stairs while it was sleeping, that she had left the house through the drawing-room window, and that she had used a razor in the commission of the crime. She said it was not from any dislike to the child, but it was revenge on her step-mother."

CONSTANCE KENT'S confession led necessarily to her trial, which took place on the 21st of July, 1865, at the Salisbury Assizes. The trial was deeply impressive and affecting. In less than half an hour it was concluded. The proceedings were to commence at nine o'clock, and long before that time the court was crowded in every part, many persons being utterly unable to gain admission. The Rev. A. WAGNER and Miss GREAM (Lady Superioress of the institution at Brighton) occupied two conspicuous seats in court, and they were naturally objects of much attention. Great doubts seemed to exist up to the last moment as to what particular course would be taken in the matter, and whether Miss KENT had decided to persist in her plea of guilty, or had yielded to the solicitation of some friends to withdraw that plea, and let the case go to trial before a petty jury, were matters of uncertainty to most persons until within a few minutes of the prisoner being placed at the bar.

Mr. Justice WILLES having taken his seat on the bench, Miss CONSTANCE KENT was called into the dock. She was dressed in deep black, and wore black gauntlet gloves. The face was hidden by a black worsted veil, which she raised on being called upon to plead. She wore a plain black cloak, but her bonnet was adorned with a black bugle trimming. There was nothing striking about her personal appearance, nor probably would she be considered in ordinary society particularly lady-like, her features being dull and heavy, her forehead low, and there being an entire absence of any thing like vivacity in her air and countenance. She was accompanied by a female warder. Directly after she entered the dock Mr. RODWAY, the solicitor of the family, stepped up to her, and entered into a short but apparently earnest conversation of a minute or two's duration.

Having been formally given in charge by the Governor of the county jail to the court the proceedings were commenced by the Clerk, who, addressing the prisoner, said: "CONSTANCE EMILIE KENT, you stand charged with having willfully murdered FRANCIS SAVILLE KENT, at Road-hill House, on the 30th of June, 1860: how say you? are you guilty or not guilty?" She answered, in a low tone of voice, "Guilty." Judge WILLES asked her if she was aware that she was charged with having willfully, intentionally, and with malice, killed her brother. She answered that she was. "And you plead guilty to that?" asked the Judge. CONSTANCE hesitated.

"What is your answer?" asked the Judge.

Still she remained silent.

Repeating the charge as made in the indictment the Judge again asked, "Are you guilty, or not guilty?"

"Guilty," answered CONSTANCE.

Then said the Judge, "Let the plea be recorded."

The silence which followed was broken by Mr. COLERIDGE, Queen's counsel, who said: "My lord, as counsel for the defense, acting on the prisoner's behalf, before your lordship passes sentence, I desire to say two things—first, solemnly in the presence of Almighty God, as a person who values her own soul, she wishes me to say that the guilt is hers alone, and that her father and others who have so long suffered most unjust and cruel suspicion are wholly and absolutely innocent; and, secondly, that she was not driven to this act, as has been asserted, by unkind treatment at home, as she met with nothing there but tender and forbearing love; and I hope I may add, my lord, not improperly, that it gives me a melancholy pleasure to be the organ of these statements for her, because on my honor I believe them to be true."

After that she had declared that she had nothing to say why sentence of death should not be passed upon her, Justice WILLES assumed the black cap and thus addressed the prisoner:

"CONSTANCE EMILIE KENT, you have pleaded guilty to an indictment charging you with the willful murder of your brother FRANCIS SAVILLE KENT on the 30th of June, 1860. It is my duty to receive that plea which you have deliberately put forward, and it is a satisfaction to me to know that it was not done until after having had the advice of counsel who would have freed you from this dreadful charge if you could have been freed thereof. I can entertain no doubt after having read the evidence in the depositions, and considering this is your third confession of your crime, that your plea is the plea of a really guilty person. The murder was one committed under circumstances of great deliberation and cruelty. You appear to have allowed your feelings of jealousy and anger to have worked in your breast until at last they assumed over you the influence and the power of the Evil One."

Mr. Justice WILLES here became deeply affected, and literally burst into tears, which prevented him from proceeding with his remarks for some minutes.

The prisoner at the bar, who up to this time had maintained the greatest composure, could no longer witness the proceedings with apparent indifference. As the Judge spoke of her having been influenced by "jealousy and anger" she exclaimed, "Not jealousy, not jealousy." Then turning her head from the Judge she burst into a flood of tears, which were audible in every part of the court, and produced the most profound impression upon all who were witnesses of this most affecting scene.

Mr. Justice WILLES continued:

"Whether her Majesty, with whom alone the prerogative of mercy rests, may be advised to consider the fact of your youth at the time when the murder was committed, and the fact that you were convicted chiefly upon your own confession, which removes suspicion from others, is a question which it would be presumption for me to answer here. It well behooves you to live what is left of your life as one who is about to die, and to seek a more enduring mercy, by sincere and deep contrition, and by a reliance upon the only redemption and satisfaction for all the sins of the world. It only remains for me to discharge the duty which the law imposes upon the court without alternative, and that is to pass upon you the sentence which the law adjudges for willful murder: That you be taken from the place where you now stand to the place whence you came, from thence to the place of execution, and that you be hanged by the neck until your body be dead; that when your body be dead it be buried within the precincts of the jail in which you were last confined; and may God have mercy on your soul!"

When the concluding words of the awful sentence were being pronounced the prisoner remained immovable; not a limb, not a muscle, quivered; and though there was not a dry eye in the assembly the prisoner at the bar had ceased weeping, and received her sentence in a manner which was perfectly astounding, and which caused the greatest sensation in court. When Mr. Justice WILLES had concluded the prisoner turned round to the female warder who had accompanied her into the dock, and who was bathed in tears, and with an unfaltering step she descended the flight of stairs into the cell below.

Many were disappointed because the prisoner plead guilty, having hoped to satisfy a natural curiosity as to the details of the murder. Many there are too who think that the plea ought not to have been accepted as conclusive. It is known that insanity runs in her family, and it would not be an improbable thing that she should have been led by some strange impulse to make a false confession. But she confessed and plead guilty, and it was impossible for the Judge to set aside the plea. Nor is there any reason to doubt the guilt of CONSTANCE KENT.

QUEEN VICTORIA, at the advice of the Home Secretary, has commuted Miss KENT'S punishment to transportation for life. There are certainly features connected with this girl's history which in fiction would hardly be deemed legitimate. It does not appear to us that the Road-hill murder has become any the less mysterious even now that CONSTANCE KENT has confessed and has come under the penalty of the law.

INTERESTING ITEMS.

CHINESE THIEVES.—Dextrous as are our pickpockets in filching pocket-handkerchiefs, stealing purses, and practicing other larcenies, those of Canton are far more bold and ingenious, and, strange to say, there is seldom any interference from passers-by for the assistance of the robbed or the capture of the robber. A shop-keeper will not leave his shop to denounce a thief who is committing depredations at his very door, but will probably laugh at the cleverness of the impudent and successful vagabond, who, unmolested, carries off his prey. A single thief has been known to arrest a sedan chair, and to rob the party conveyed within it, the bearers (they not being accomplices, but considering the matter as no concern of theirs) stopping and looking on while the nefarious deed was done. In one case, when a short-sighted man was being carried in his sedan, his spectacles were removed before his pockets were emptied, and the robbery took place in a long street where multitudes of persons were constantly passing. Among amusing modes of plunder in China is the fishing for fowls, the catching them with rod, line, and hook. A man will be sometimes seen sitting on the wall of a poultry-yard bobbing his bait among the cocks and hens, and every now and then, after twisting its neck, conveying one away to his bag; and that being replenished he will move off with a simplicity and serenity of countenance like the gravest of mandarins. At Macao, on the ground-floor, a large table was spread for a late dinner. It was covered with many delicacies, and, as usual, there was an abundance of silver plate. The sun had gone down, the wax-candles were lighted, the windows left open for the benefit of the evening breeze. Suddenly a great number of bamboos were seen to enter on all sides from the verandas, at the same moment every bougie was extinguished by a puff from the bamboo hollow tubes. The apartment was involved in darkness, a band of thieves jumped in, and before the astounded guests knew where they were or what was doing, the whole of the plate was conveyed away, and a boat having, no doubt, been provided for the transport of the spoil either to a neighboring island or to the main land of China, no trace was ever found of the robbery or the robbers.

IF, in the hand which you aspire to, the fingers are smooth, they betoken "inspiration, intuition, passion;" they will play you Mozart or Beethoven, arrange your flower-vases to perfection, possibly write a sensation novel—but certainly not mend your shirts; their owner will have the vaguest possible appreciation of the household bills, or of the capabilities of the magic $1000 a year on which (we are told) young couples may marry and "live happy ever afterward." If, on the contrary, they are "knotty," you have the promise of "induction, order, arrangement;" you must indulge no visions of highly refined tastes, but you will have some one to "see to" your buttons, to exercise a strict regimen over the domestic economy, and submit the butcher's and baker's bills to the sternest rules of arithmetic.

THE NOSE.—The epoch of Louis Quatorze was the epoch of great men, great ideas, great things, because it was also the epoch of large noses. The epoch of the Regency, on the contrary, was the epoch of little men, little art, little every thing, because it was the epoch of little noses, of snub-noses, of turned-up noses. All great times, all great peoples, all great men have been distinguished by long noses. The nose is the rudder of the human frame only placed in front. With a long straight nose one marches forward direct to his goal without looking to the right hand or to the left; but with a short nose, a squat nose, or a nose turned up, one advances by tacking in a zigzag line, fluttering to and fro like a butterfly. This is the reason why children, grisettes, and negroes, have no stability of character, in fact have no character at all, but laugh and cry and sing without cause, and just as chance directs them. All the generals of the Order of Jesuits have been long-nosed to a man. The order indeed is only recruited from men with long noses. All founders of empires and systems have been remarkable for their long straight noses, such as Alexander the Macedonian, Augustus Cæsar, Napoleon, Aristotle, Moses, Mohammed, and Ignatius Loyola. Socrates, indeed, had little to boast of in this respect, but his favorite disciple, Plato, made up for his deficiency, and had nose enough for both.

A CASE is recorded in books on forensic medicine of some people who, having swallowed some scraped aconite root by mistake for horseradish, and had occasion to sit down, were startled that they seemed to be sitting on nothing at all. Sensation had gone from the part; it could no longer feel; and when the sufferers—if one may so term them—sought tactile evidence through hand imposition, greater was their surprise to discover feeling to have departed from their palms and fingers also.

CURIOSITIES OF MARRIAGE.—In England, in the year 1863, eleven men were married who were neither bachelors nor widowers, and nine women who were neither spinsters nor widows. Half of these twenty marriages of divorced persons took place in London. The returns state the exact age of nearly two-thirds of the couples married in the year, and generally there is nothing remarkable in the disclosure. More than three-fourths, both of the men and the women, were under thirty. But there are some entries that certainly are rather remarkable. For instance, two men above eighty married spinsters who were not thirty-five; and a girl of sixteen was married to a man above seventy. Two hundred and twenty-eight girls were married who were only sixteen years old, and thirty without waiting even till they were sixteen. Six youths of sixteen must needs take to themselves wives, all rather older than themselves. The days of our years are threescore years and ten; but this return shows us one hundred and seventy-seven men and forty-two women who made what is called a new start in life after they had passed that boundary. Eight of these men were bachelors until, after attaining the age of seventy, they married, and three of the women spinsters; fourteen of the men had seen eighty birthdays. Among the whimsies may be noted a man of ninety-two marrying a woman of eighty-one.

BAD HUSBANDS.—When a gentleman of irregular habits, of ill-governed mind, and inclinations not governed at all, is smitten with a pretty face and charming manner, and can not gain possession of these treasures except by submitting to the yoke of matrimony, he knows that when the influence of his old loose ways returns upon him there is an easy mode by which he can rid himself of the wife who, from being an object of attraction, has become an obstacle and an encumbrance. Where he once showed affection, respect, and cherishing, he has only to display neglect, harshness, dislike, and perhaps cruelty. This transition is not difficult to such a nature, and the lapse into the final wrong is simply a return to his ante-nuptial mode of life. The indignant wife, insulted, wronged, treated with every cruelty, and perhaps deserted, petitions for the dissolution of her marriage. The cause is undefended, and a decree is pronounced. That is exactly what the husband wants. He is freed from his bond. If while he is married he sees a more pleasing face than his wife's, and finds the new lady willing, he has no need to risk the penalties of bigamy to contract a second alliance. He has only to wear out his wife's patience, and supply her with a sufficient case to go to the Divorce Court. The number of husbands who have been alive to this advantage, and have realized it, is by no means small.

THE COWS AND MILKMAIDS OF HOLLAND.—The most really picturesque attraction of the scene is the herds of cattle. These are of a native breed peculiar to the country, and from the quantity and quality of their milk, as well as from the laudable propensity of the beef to accumulate on those parts that are worth a handsome price per pound, are greatly valued by the people. They are generally of a coal-black hue, but spotted and streaked with white in the most curious manner. The pride which the Hollanders take in their cattle is well deserved, and is very conspicuous in the care they take of them. The cows are kept in stables, often as neat as most of our own kitchens, and far neater than some of them. The majority of the poorer classes in our own country are not accommodated with such good quarters. When they are taken to pasture their feet are covered with leather shoes, lest the dampness of the soil should cause disease of that part; they are always carefully curried and brushed and washed, while in summer they are covered with cotton cloths, that they may not suffer from the attacks of those little winged Zouaves that despoil us so often of our night's rest. In winter they are protected from the cold by blankets. On their way to the fields they are attended by milkmaidens of the ruddiest complexions, who take good care that their tempers are not ruffled, and show the most affectionate regard for their welfare. The Hollanders have not suffered the race of milkmaids to die out as we have; and one can hardly avoid instituting a melancholy comparison between the present times and the old in this respect in our own country. How great the difference between those who, in the days of our ancestors, used to carry about the richest of milk in neat little tubs on their heads, and after their day's labors were over did nothing but dance with their sweet-hearts in concentric circles around flower-crowned May-poles, and that grouty fellow who slinks round to one's back-door in the morning before light, as if he were ashamed of himself, and leaves a wine-quart of water and chalk, after first carefully shaking it in order to mix it!

METEORS.—On a bright night twenty minutes rarely pass at any part of the earth's surface without the appearance of at least one meteor. Twice a year (on the 12th of August and the 14th of November) they appear in enormous numbers. During nine hours in Boston, when they were described as falling as thick as snow-flakes, two hundred and forty thousand meteors were observed. The number falling in a year might, perhaps, be estimated at hundreds or thousands of millions, and even these would constitute but a small portion of the total crowd of asteroids that circulate round the sun. From the phenomena of light and heat, and by direct observations on Encke's comet, we learn that the universe is filled by a resisting medium (the ether), through the friction of which all the masses of our system are drawn gradually toward the sun. And though the larger planets show, in historic times, no diminution of their periods of revolution, it may be otherwise with the smaller bodies. In the time required for the mean distance of the earth to alter a single yard, a small asteroid may have approached thousands of miles nearer to the sun.

BARKING OF DOGS.—Dogs in a state of nature never bark; they simply whine, howl, and growl; this explosive noise is only found among those which are domesticated. Sonnini speaks of the shepherds' dogs in the wilds of Egypt as not having this faculty; and Columbus found the dogs which he had previously carried to America to have lost their propensity to barking. The ancients were aware of this circumstance. Isaiah compares the blind watchmen of Israel to these animals: "They are dumb—they can not bark." But on the contrary, David compares the noise of his enemies to the "dogs round about the city." Hence the barking of a dog is an acquired faculty, an effort to speak which he derives from his associating with man.

THERE is no part of creation where freedom and happiness would appear to be enjoyed so perfectly as in the world of air—no life so enviable, considered on the whole, as the life of a bird. The mere power to fly must be in itself a sensation of exquisite pleasure, conferring as it does the power of rapid and unimpeded and almost unlimited motion on those creatures who possess it—a sensation in which all animals (almost), including man, appear to delight. The life of a bird must be as a fairy tale, which one has often dreamed of but never realised, and awoke with a pang of disappointment to find himself still bound to the solid earth. The entire freedom from restraint which is experienced in the flight of a pigeon or a swallow, together with the instantaneous exercise of mental volition and bodily freedom, or the power to go at a minute's notice whither you wish, even to the ends of the earth, must be something almost Divine in its enjoyment.

BABELS AND CABLES.

When men of old so vainly tried
To build a tower unto heaven,
A monument of human pride
To all posterity was given.

No Babel sounds, at present day,
Attest the force of God's decree;
But Silence sits upon the way
That man would build across the sea.

REAR-ADMIRAL BELL.

Acting Rear-Admiral Henry H. Bell, about to assume the command of the United States naval forces in the East Indies, is a native of North Carolina, from which State he entered the naval service August 4, 1823. Passing through the grades of Midshipman, Passed-Midshipman, and Lieutenant, he was made a Commander in 1854, and was soon after ordered to the United States ship *San Jacinto*, destined for the East Indies, as the flag-ship of Commodore James Armstrong.

During the service of the *San Jacinto* on the China station the English managed to improvise a quarrel with the Chinese authorities, and in conjunction with their French allies were waging war upon that people. Pending these vexatious and irritating hostilities, a boat from the United States ship *Portsmouth*, proceeding up the Canton River, was fired upon from the barrier forts. Commodore Armstrong determined very promptly to punish this insult to our flag, and an attack was made upon the forts by the United States sloops of war *Portsmouth* and *Levant*, Commanders Foote and Smith, and the boats of the *San Jacinto*, Commander Bell. Considering the strength of the works, the number of guns and of the garrison, and the smallness of the assailing party, the result was almost incredible. After long and obstinate fighting the Chinese troops were routed, their works captured and thoroughly destroyed.

A modest granite shaft at the Brooklyn Navy-yard commemorates the event and the names of the brave men who were slain in the contest.—Throughout this operation Commander Bell, as testified to by the lamented Foote, was conspicuous for his cool, deliberate gallantry, exhibiting always the sterling qualities of an accomplished officer.

REAR-ADMIRAL HENRY H. BELL.—[Photographed by Brady.]

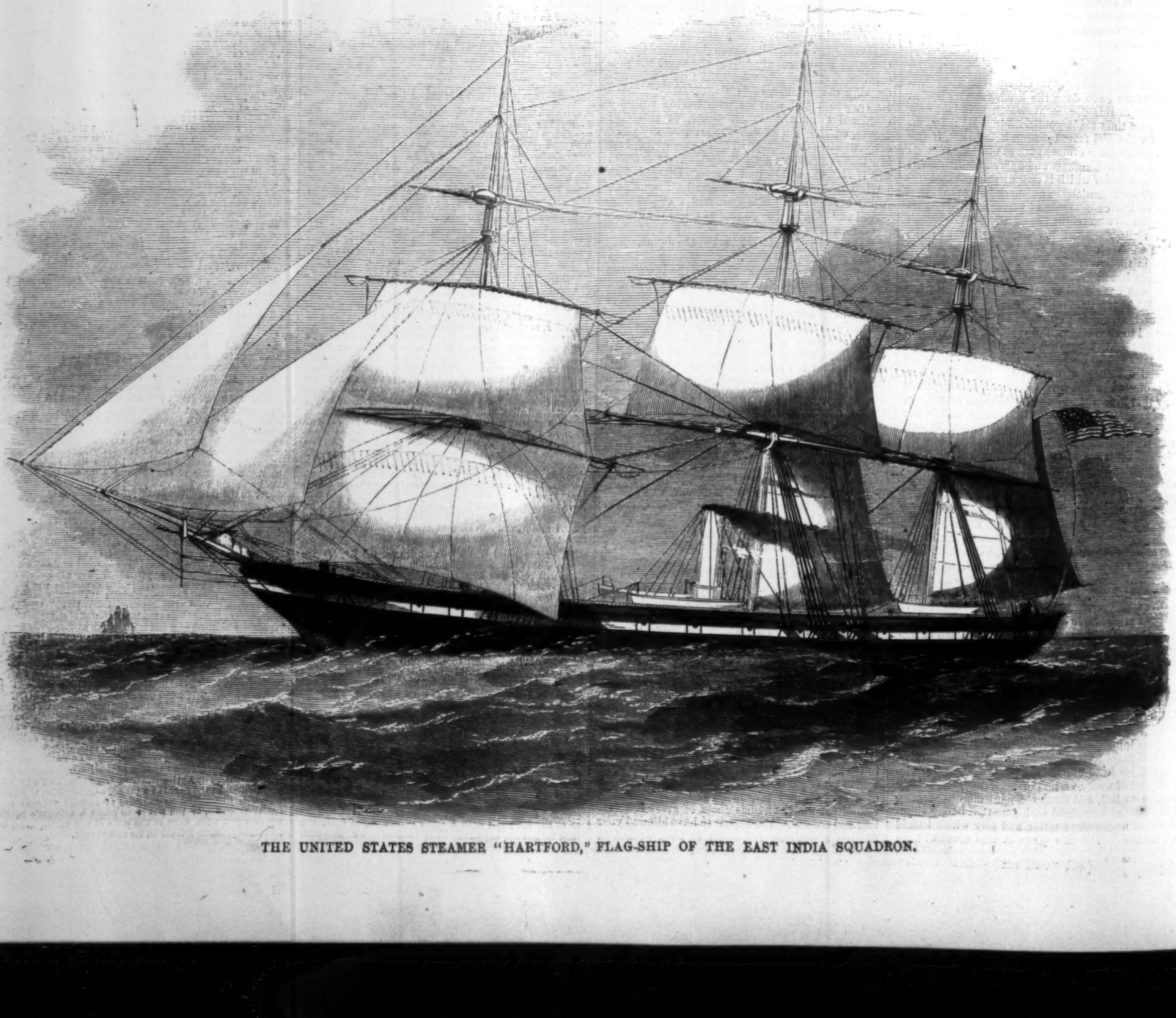
When the rebellion broke out Commander Bell, although a Southerner, promptly offered his services to the National Government, and sought active duty. When Admiral (then Commodore) Farragut was ordered to the command of the West Gulf squadron, he selected Commodore Bell as his Fleet Captain. In this confidential and responsible position he was a prominent participant in the grand and thrilling events which culminated in the destruction of the rebel fleet, the capture of New Orleans, and the opening of the Mississippi. When Admiral Farragut came North to recruit his health and prepare for the next and final struggle with the enemy in Mobile Bay, he left the command of the West Gulf squadron with Commodore Bell. A brave, modest man, a patriotic and accomplished officer, a courteous and conscientious gentleman, few can show and none deserve a better record.

The *Hartford*, which is to be the flag-ship of the East India squadron, and in which Admiral Bell set sail, has a history of which she may well be proud. She was the flag-ship of Admiral Farragut in the celebrated fight in Mobile Bay. Every beam in her is loyal and true. May her future be as fortunate as her past is glorious!

PARIS FASHIONS FOR AUGUST.

For dress at bathing and watering places the summer toilets of the present season have undergone but little modification, and in all their principal features remain the same as last year. The most fashionable materials are the light silks and the spotted muslins generally employed for the complete costume. For the sake of variety, a black or blue silk casaque may be worn with advantage; the blue casaque is especially charming for young or fair persons.

Among the host of bonnets invented by the inexhaustible ingenuity of the Parisian modistes, the *chapeaux Empire*, for ceremonial purposes, are the adopted favorites. They are simply ornamented with a swallow, a colibri, or a bird's wing placed upon corn or upon a little verdure; as for gold and steel ornaments and spangles, they are no longer patronized. In the way of fancy hats, round black straw chapeaux with white or blue



THE UNITED STATES STEAMER "HARTFORD," FLAG-SHIP OF THE EAST INDIA SQUADRON.

PARIS FASHIONS FOR AUGUST, 1865.

feathers, and yellow straw with black feathers, are the most *distinguées*.

An agreeable innovation is the general adoption of white, blue, or green gauze veils for all descriptions of bonnets. They should be very long, and be thrown on one side, so as to drape gracefully, and not be turned over the bonnet, when desired to be removed while in conversation, or for greater freedom of respiration. Even with fancy hats we have seen many of these graceful veils, a yard long, worn with much advantage, particularly by youthful ladies.

THE ILLUSTRATIONS.

Fig. 1. *Walking Dress.*—Plain slate-colored foulard robe. Blue silk casaque, open at the sides and trimmed round the edge and on the corsage with black passementerie. The small and simple bonnet is in blue crape, ruched, but without any other ornament.

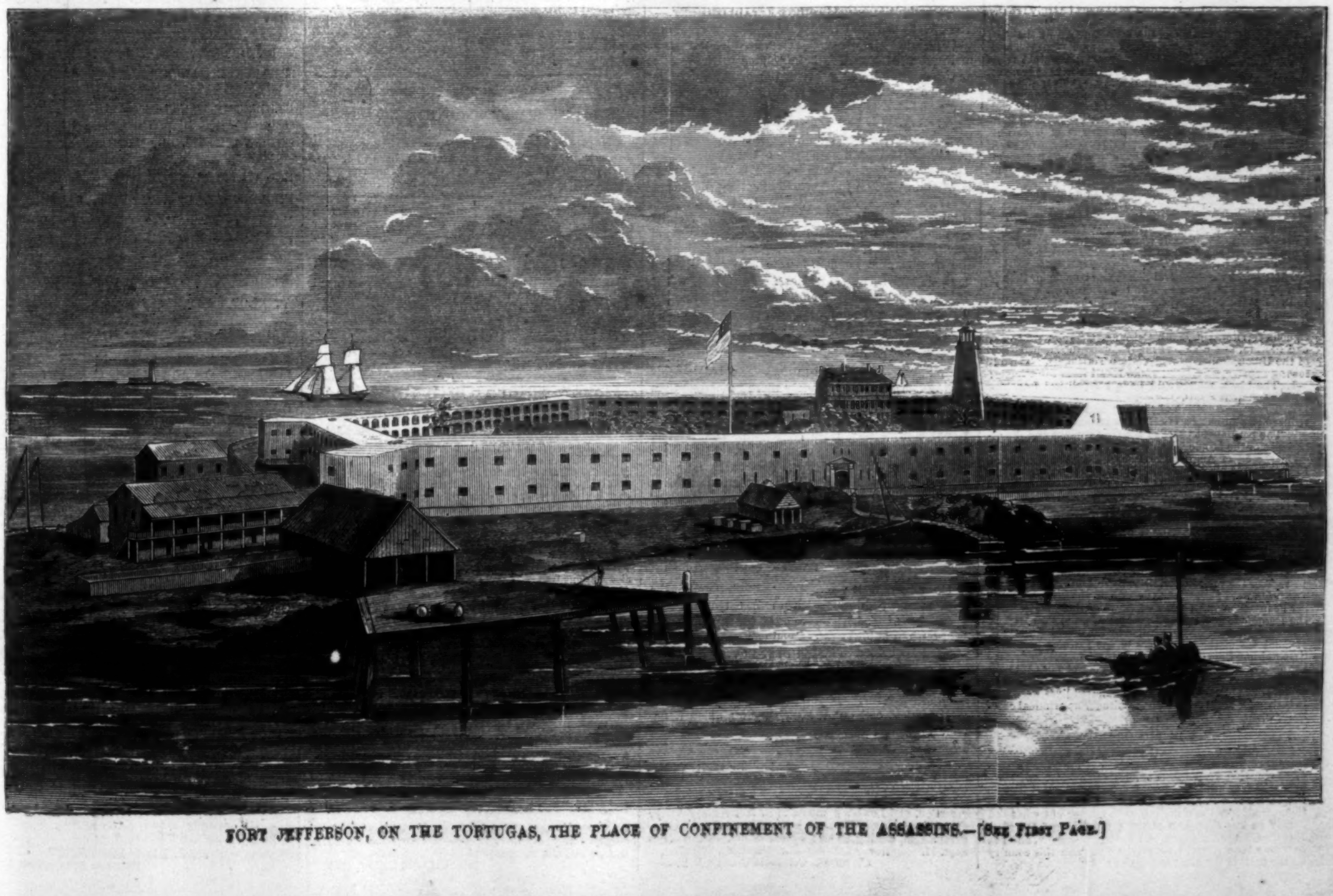
Fig. 2. *Morning Dress.*—Nankeen-colored taffeta robe, ornamented over the seams and round the bottom of the skirt with black silk pinked ruching; the *corsage à basques* is trimmed over the seams in a corresponding manner. Rice-chip bonnet, ornamented with black lace and ears of Indian corn.

Fig. 3. *Dress for the Sea-side.*—The whole of this toilet is in very light gray muslin. The skirt is drawn up, and ornamented on each width by blue silk cording, finishing with tassels. The lower jupe, as well as the ample capucin scarf, are also trimmed with blue silk cording. Pale rose-colored parasol, with carved wooden handle.

Fig. 4. *Dress for a Little Boy.*—All this costume is in gray jean, the long vest and the trowsers being ornamented with stripes of red worsted. The double-pointed waistcoat is fastened with coral buttons. The cravat and the band round the black straw Derby hat are both in scarlet silk.

ON LOOSENESS IN DRESS.

FIVE years ago what mother, with any the least pretension to moral character, would have allowed a daughter to expose herself to the public gaze, dressed, etc., after the fashion which has of late prevailed? and yet how many a mother has so put forth her daughters! There is no little lamentation, year after year, over the habits and principles of the men of the day. It is not only a subject of maternal woe that they don't care to marry—that they care not to have it seen and known that they have ties which go far to explain the fact; but there is also a growing indisposition on their part to seek the society of the young of their own rank. It is hard work now to obtain the presence of young men at any of the social assemblies which, in former days, were the great fields of matrimonial enterprise. There is no denying that the young men of these days have been either bored out of their love for the balls and assemblies to which of old they used to flock, to the satisfaction of mothers and the enjoyment of daughters, or they have been in some way disgusted with the prevailing habits of such scenes. If ladies choose to follow a fashion in dress which outrages all decency, from its liberal exposure in young and old of so much which, in the case of the latter, is disgusting to the observer, and in the former can only attract the eye to pain the mind—if young and old are alike to be got up for public exhibition, with all the aid the arts of the Rachel profession can afford, it is easy to under-



FORT JEFFERSON, ON THE TORTUGAS, THE PLACE OF CONFINEMENT OF THE ASSASSINS.—[SEE FIRST PAGE.]

stand why it is that, after all, the performance falls of its legitimate end—attraction. When modesty affects the millinery and seeks all the cunning aid which the immodest use to attract we are left to one or other of two conclusions. The victim of such folly either thinks men will admire in a wife what they only endure in a mistress, or are so weak as to believe that one desirable as a wife, by nature and education, can continue so after adopting the outward character of what should be as abhorrent to her true self as opposed to every principle her education ever afforded. We have many follies, and there is much in which we can afford to be foolish. But the modest bearing of our wives and daughters is a matter in which all have an interest. It is one which can yield to no other in national importance. The wanton extravagance originating in this love of personal decoration is in itself an evil of no little magnitude; it is crippling the resources of many a family, laying the foundation for the fall of many a house. This, however, is a minor evil compared with that degradation of inward purity and refinement which this offensive attention to personal display produces. It is bad enough to expose the young daughters of our highest educated and wealthy classes to that amount of moral danger to which they must be liable when we take them out, day after day and night after night, on the World's great errand—the seeking their settlement as wives. It was scarcely needed that we should have them carefully impressed with the duty of so dressing and so artificially preparing themselves that, just out of the school-room, they are to appear in public, got up to attract attention, after the meretricious fashion of those whose utter degradation they are as yet happily incapable of understanding.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

RECONSTRUCTION.

A letter has been published, addressed by General J. D. Cox, July 25, to Messrs. E. H. Fairchild and Samuel Plumb, of Oberlin, on the subject of negro suffrage. General Cox is the Republican candidate for Governor in the State of Ohio, and his views on the subject are of great importance. Messrs. Fairchild and Plumb stated their position in the strongest language. "The question is," say they, "shall colored people be allowed to vote? The enemies of our country say no. The mass of the loyal say yes. So decided are our people on the subject that they could by no means be persuaded to vote for a man known to be opposed to it." General Cox, in his reply, gives his views on the subject, although he considers any present action on that subject premature. He says, moreover, that if different views prevailed in the party organization to which he belonged he should consider it his own duty to yield to the sentiment of the majority for the sake of harmonious action on more vital points. General Cox, at the outset of his argument, refers to the following four general principles, asserted in the "Faneuil Hall Address," as principles which would in any case be agreed upon by the entire party:

First—That the principle must be put beyond all question that the republic has a direct claim upon the allegiance of every citizen from which no State can absolve him, and to his obedience to the laws of the republic, any thing in the constitution or laws of any State to the contrary notwithstanding.

Second—The public faith is pledged to every person of color in the rebel States to secure to them and to their posterity forever a complete and veritable freedom. Having provided them their freedom, secured their aid on the faith of this promise, and by a successful war and actual military occupation of the country having obtained the power to secure the result, we are dishonored if we fail to make it good to them.

Third—The system of slavery must be abolished and prohibited by paramount and irreversible law. Throughout the rebel States there must be, in the words of Webster, "impressed upon the soil itself an inability to bear up but free men."

Fourth—The systems of the States must be truly republican.

The application made of the last principle in the Address General Cox does not consider sound. The General makes issue with many of his party on the mutual relation of the black and white races to each other. He says: "You judging from this distance say, 'Deliver the four millions of freed people into the hands of their former oppressors, now embittered by their defeat, and they will make their condition worse than before.' I, starting from the same principles, and after four years of close and thoughtful observation of the races where they are, say I am unwillingly forced to this conviction that the effect of war has not been simply to 'embitter' their relations, but to develop a rooted antagonism which makes their permanent fusion in one political community an impossibility." The General, therefore, advocates the peaceable separation of the two races. He says the antagonism is mutual. The master hates the slave from pride, and fixes upon him all the bitterness which the war has engendered; and the slave hates the master from distrust and from the remembrance of past wrongs.

There must, says General Cox, be a struggle for the supremacy, in which one race or the other must go to the wall. But how is the separation to be provided for? General Cox does not deem it necessary to break up the organization of any State. He suggests that we take contiguous territory in South Carolina, Georgia, Alabama, and Florida, and organize the freedmen in a dependency of the Union similar to the Western Territories. The following benefits, he claims, would result from the scheme:

1. The black man would have his political franchise without onerous terms.
2. The representation of the Southern States would be reduced to a proper basis—their own numbers.
3. The permanent peace of the Government and the allegiance of the people.

On the 3d of August Provisional Governor Marvin of Florida issued his proclamation to the people of that State. He does not reappoint the officials who served under the rebel *régime*.

THE COLLISION ON LAKE HURON.

On the evening of August 9, the propeller *Pewabic*, Captain M'Kay, on her down trip, about six miles from shore, came in collision with the propeller *Meteor*, Captain Wilson, on her up trip. The *Meteor* struck the *Pewabic* just under the pilot-house, literally smashing up the bow. The boats were running at the rate of about twelve miles per hour. The crash was awful and frightening, causing the *Pewabic* to go down in the short space of three or four minutes. A number were killed by the crashing timbers, and but few of the passengers of the *Pewabic* had even time to jump from her decks on to those of the *Meteor* ere the deck of the *Pewabic* sank entirely out of sight into the seething waters. It was raining when the collision occurred, but not dark. About one hundred lives were lost. It is thought that the accident resulted from criminal carelessness.

ON THE RIO GRANDE.

Scarcely any event since the close of the war has caused greater surprise than the recent order of the War Department reducing the numbers of Sheridan's army. Steadily for weeks that army had been increasing, and had become the centre of all eyes and the occasion of much speculation. Suddenly the order comes to muster out what can hardly be less than half of the army thus got together. Has the Government secured its object peaceably, and has harmony been restored between France and this country on the basis of the Monroe doctrine?

THE PORT OF NEW YORK.

The Hon. Simeon Draper will, on September 1, be superseded in his office as Collector of the Port of New York by the Hon. Preston King, one of President Johnson's most intimate friends and influential advisers.

RAILROAD ACCIDENT.

On the Housatonic Railroad a distressing calamity occurred August 15. A passenger train was run into by a locomotive near Bridgeport, Connecticut. One car was split in two and the car beyond it struck and penetrated, when there was added to the disaster already incurred a tremendous explosion, killing six of the passengers outright and mortally wounding eleven others.

NEWS ITEMS.

The death of Captain Percival Drayton having left vacant the office of Chief of the Bureau of Navigation and Detail of the Navy Department, Rear-Admiral Porter has been appointed Chief, *ad interim*, of that Bureau.

The latest estimates of the Kentucky election give five members of Congress in favor of the abolition of slavery as positively elected out of the entire nine.

Those army corps which have already been discontinued, with the date of their disbanding, are as follows: Second corps, from June 28, 1865; Fourth corps, from August 1, 1865; Fifth corps, from June 28, 1865; Sixth corps, from June 28, 1865; Seventh corps, from August 1, 1865; Eighth corps, from August 1, 1865; Ninth corps, from July 27, 1865; Tenth corps, from August 1, 1865; Fourteenth corps, from August 1, 1865; Fifteenth corps, from August 1, 1865; Seventeenth corps, from August 1, 1865; Twentieth corps, from June 1, 1865; Twenty-third corps, from August 1, 1865; Twenty-fourth corps, from August 1, 1865.

FOREIGN NEWS.

THE ATLANTIC CABLE.

The *First Fruit* has arrived at Harbor Grace. On August 6, at 4 o'clock A.M., she saw the *Great Eastern* and the *Terrible*. Two hours later she saw a beacon buoy with a flag upon it marked, "*Great Eastern* No. 5." Hailing the *Terrible* afterward she learned from the captain that the cable parted August 2. This intelligence is hopeful. It indicates that fearing ill weather the cable had been cut and buoyed, and that the cable fleet were hovering about in order at the first favorable opportunity to take up the cable and continue the process of laying out. At the time of parting two-thirds of the cable had been payed out. The *Great Eastern* was in the deepest water of her course.

The result of the municipal elections in France are thought on the whole to have been favorable to the Government.

A new Austrian cabinet has been formed, with Count Mensdorff for President of the Council. Austria and Prussia appear to be unable to come to an agreement on the subject of Schleswig-Holstein. In Italy the Austrian army is being daily reduced.

July 22 the Government of Italy received an official dispatch from the Spanish Cabinet in which Spain recognizes the Kingdom of Italy. More than forty episcopal protests against this recognition had been addressed to the Queen of Spain.

The cholera, which has almost disappeared at Alexandria and Cairo, had at recent accounts advanced westward to Italy.

On the 28th of July Dr. Pritchard was executed at Glasgow. Before his death he confessed to the whole charge in the indictment against him.

The war between Brazil and Paraguay still continues to be prosecuted with great vigor. Three severe engagements had been fought up to June 25. A stubbornly-contested naval battle between the fleets of the two nations took place on the 11th of that month on the Parana River, in which there is said to have been great slaughter on both sides, the Brazilians claiming the victory. The Paraguayans had captured the town of San Borgia, on the Uruguay River, and it is reported that they put to death the entire Brazilian garrison. On the 25th of June the Brazilians attacked the Paraguayans at Corrientes, and after a sharp fight took the town at the point of the bayonet, but were immediately after compelled to retire, in consequence of ascertaining that large reinforcements for their opponents were near at hand. In the mean time large bodies of troops on both sides were moving for important objective points, and other severe battles have no doubt already been fought. The treaty of alliance between Brazil, the Argentine Confederation, and Uruguay was definitively ratified on the 14th of June.

Another Sewing Machine Establishment.—The advent of Elias Howe, Jr.'s, Sewing Machine Establishment in Broadway (No. 629) is an advent of interest, inasmuch as he is known to the public as the original inventor of sewing machines. His machine comes with the prestige of the maker's name and its established excellence. He is a thoroughly educated and practical mechanic, and his long and necessary familiarity with the business peculiarly qualifies him to judge of the public wants, and how far they are supplied. His manufactory is established at Bridgeport, Connecticut, near that of Wheeler & Wilson, which it rivals in size, completeness of appointment, and system of management. The machine itself has merited and received the highest awards at various fairs, including the World's Fair, London, in 1862, and it challenges comparison with any of its class. For leather work, tailoring, and manufacturing purposes it has no superior, and we predict for it a success second to none of its kind.—[*Communicated.*]

America ever Victorious.—The battle-fields of Napoleon I. were scarcely more numerous than the contests of the Wheeler & Wilson Sewing Machine. Paris in 1861, London in 1862, Linz and Koenigsburg, 1863, Dantzic, Agram, and Krems, 1864, and Stettin, Cologne, and Wismar, 1865, bear testimony to the superiority of this machine, and its appreciation abroad. At all these International Exhibitions the best fruits of foreign genius were arrayed against it, backed by national *amour propre*; but there, as here, the star of its destiny is always in the ascendant.—[*Communicated.*]

Do not Waste your Money buying any of the numerous worthless articles called Gold Pens, which have flooded the market for the last few years, when at lower prices you can get pens which are acknowledged to be the Best in the World.

Avoid the shameless Upstarts, whose lack of brains compels them to attempt Imitation, *even to the advertisement*. If you want the full value of your money, call on A. Morton, 25 Maiden Lane, New York, or inclose stamp for circular.

HUDSON RIVER INSTITUTE

Affords the very best advantages for a classical, scientific, commercial, and musical education. French conversation, and Lewis's gymnastics for ladies, and military drill for gentlemen daily, without extra charge. A new gymnasium, costing $6000; 18 instructors. Term opens Sept. 11. Rev. ALONZO FLACK, A.M., Principal, Claverack, Columbia County, N.Y.

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HARPER'S NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE FOR SEPTEMBER, 1865.

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